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April 12, 2004

Dear Lydia

Thanks for sending Toby's address. I contacted him by e-mail and got the following response so we have made contact after 45 years, seems like yesterday. Following is the e-mail I sent him.

-----Original Message-----

From: thughes@lonestar.jpl.utsa.edu  
[mailto:thughes@lonestar.jpl.utsa.edu]  
Sent: Tuesday, April 06, 2004 8:15 AM  
To: Reeves Raymond Contractor  
Subject: Reply for the Red-Tail Phantom

Quoting Reeves Raymond Contractor <Raymond.Reeves@patrick.af.mil>:

Got your e-mail off a web page "Sgt Grit's Marine Forum - Extreme Marines".

Thought I give it a try to see if this is Toby from Cam Rahn, 557TFS 68-69. If so drop me a line.

Yep, same guy. How the hell are you?

TH

In any case I have enclosed the subject songbook. As you can see from the front credits it was compiled from several different sources, and I think Toby did the bulk of the work putting it together. I will be sending the original back to him, it was done on an old typewriter so the printing is not all that great but it is readable. I am not sure if any of Toby's songs are in here, I doubt it. I know he wrote the song about Tchepone. The first time our Squadron went up there, as I recall, I was leading a 2-ship formation on the first go of the day. Toby might have been on my wingman. We had 750 high drags and the mission was to cut the ferry crossing. There was not supposed to be any ground fire. At least that was the Intel. We made multiple passes and with high drag weapons you came in low with a release altitude of about 750-1000 ft in a 15 degree dive angle. After the second pass was when the ##### hit the fan so we dropped the rest in ripple and got the ### out of there. Boy did we ever give the Intel folks a piece of our mind when we got back. I think we both had battle damage from that sortie.

All the best, I used to fly F-4Cs with the Niagara Guard when I was the DO at the 24<sup>th</sup> NORAD Region over at Griffis AFB, so I know that area, even flew one of our old aircraft from Cam Rahn Bay, Tail Number 557 (our Sq Commanders Aircraft). Hope the enclosed adds something to your files.

  
Raymond J Reeves Jr.  
Colonel, USAF Retired

## FIGHTER PILOT'S TOAST

Here's to me in my sober mood  
When I ramble sit and think  
Here's to me in my drunken mood  
When I gamble sin and drink.

But when at last it's over  
And from this world I pass  
I hope they bury me upside down  
So the world can kiss my ass.

## C R E D I T S

We express our thanks to the following organizations, individuals, and publications from which we have plagiarized shamelessly is the compilation of this song book of the 46th Tactical Fighter Squadron.

THE 523rd TACTICAL FIGHTER SQUADRON'S SONG BOOK, CANNON AFB, N.M.

THE TIGER SONG BOOK  
SPONSORED BY THE 53rd TIGERS OF THE 36th FIGHTER DAY WING

THE ROYAL AUSTRALIAN AIR FORCE  
No. 79(F) SQUADRON, UBON, THAILAND, 1962-63, and 1965

THE ROYAL AUSTRALIAN AIR FORCE  
No. 77(F) SQUADRON, JAPAN AND KOREA, 1950-51

BEER CALL BALLADS  
PUBLISHED BY THE 615th TACTICAL FIGHTER SQUADRON, ENGLAND AFB, LA.

THE SONGBOOK OF THE 50th TACTICAL FIGHTER WING, HAHN AB, GERMANY

THE UNITED STATES AIR FORCE SONG BOOK  
COMPILED AND EDITED BY THE 27th TACTICAL FIGHTER WING, CANNON AFB, N.M.

"SONGS WE NEVER QUITE REMEMBER"  
COMPILED BY THE 506th TACTICAL FIGHTER WING

SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME, VOLUMES I AND II

ALL THE MEN, PAST AND PRESENT, OF THE U.S. AIR FORCE AND ARMY AIR CORPS  
WHO, BY KEEPING THESE SONGS ALIVE, HAVE MADE THIS SONGBOOK POSSIBLE.

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Off we go, into the wind blue yonder  
 Climbing high, into the sun  
 Here they come zooming to meet our thunder  
 At 'em boys, give her the gun.  
 Down we dive, spouting our flame from under  
 Off with one hell of a roar,  
 We live in fame, or go down in flame,  
 Nothing can stop the U. S. Air Force.

## CHORUS:

Here's a toast to the host of those who love  
 The vastness of the sky.  
 To a friend we send a message of  
 His brother men who fly.  
 We drink to those who gave their all of old,  
 Then down we roar to score the rainbow's pot of gold.  
 Here's a toast to the host of the men we boast:  
 The U.S. Air force.

Minds of men fashioned a crate of thunder,  
 Sent it high into the blue.  
 Hands of men blasted the world asunder;  
 How they lived, God only know!  
 Souls of men dreaming of skies to conquer  
 Gave us wings over to soar.  
 With scouts before and bombers galore,  
 Nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force.

Off we go into the blue sky yonder.  
 Keep your wings level and true.  
 If you'd live to be a gray-haired wonder,  
 Keep your nose out of the blue!  
 Flying men guarding our nation's borders,  
 We'll be there followed by more.  
 In echelon we carry on,  
 Nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force!

## SAMMY SMALL

2

Oh my name is Sammy Small fuck em all  
 Oh my name is Sammy Small fuck em all  
 Oh my name is Sammy Small and I've only got one ball  
 But it's better than none at all-- fuck em all.

They say I've killed a man, fuck em all  
 They say I've killed a man, fuck em all  
 I hit him in the head with a fucking piece of lead  
 Now the silly fuckers dead - fuck em all.

They say I've got to swing, fuck em all  
 They say I've got to swing, fuck em all  
 They say I've got to swing from a fucking piece of string  
 What a silly fucking thing - fuck em all.

SAMMY SMALL (Cont.)

The parson he will come, fuck em all  
The parson he will come, fuck em all  
The parson he will come with his tales of kingdom come  
He can shove em up his bung - fuck em all.

The hangman wears a mask, fuck em all  
The hangman wears a mask, fuck em all  
The hangman wears a mask for his silly fucking task  
What a silly fucking ass - fuck em all.

The sheriff will be there too, fuck em all  
The sheriff will be there too, fuck em all  
The sheriff will be there too with his silly fucking crew  
They have fuck all else to do - fuck em all.

I saw Molly in the crowd, fuck em all  
I saw Molly in the crown, fuck em all  
I saw Molly in the crowd and I felt so fucking proud  
That I shouted right our loud - FUCK EM ALL.

MARY ANN BURNS

3

Mary Ann Burns was the queen of all the acrobats  
She could do the tricks that would give a cat the shits  
She could roll green peas from her fundamental orifice  
Do a double sommersault and catch them on her tits  
A great big son-of-a-bitch twice as big as me  
Hair around her ass like the branches on a tree  
She can swim, fish, fight, fuck  
Roll a barrel, drive a truck  
Mary Ann Burns is the girl for me. (My bloody ass)

BROWN BROWN

(Tune: Sweet Betsy From Pike)

4

There was a young maiden named Adeline Schmidt  
She went to the doctor cause she couldn't shit  
He gave her some medicine wrapped up in glass  
Up went the window and out went her ass.

Chorus:

It was brown brown shit falling down  
Brown brown shit all around  
It was brown brown shit falling down  
Covered all over with shit

A handsome young copper was walking his beat  
He happened to be on that side of the street  
He looked up so bashful he looked up so shy  
When a piece of brown shit hit him right in the eye.

(Cont.)

BROWN BROWN (Cont.)

This handsome young copper he cussed and he swore  
He called that young maiden a dirty old whore  
And on Brooklyn bridge you can still see him sit  
With a sign round his neck saying, "Blinded by shit".

It was brown brown shit falling down  
Brown brown shit all around  
It was brown brown shit falling down  
His life it was ruined by shit.

STYLES (Tune-Smiles)

5

There are styles that show the ankle  
There are styles that show the knee  
There are styles that have the boys all wond'ring  
Just what the girls are gonna let us see.  
There are styles that have a tender meaning  
That the eyes of men alone can see  
But the style that Eve wore in the garden  
Is the style that appeals to me.

OH RIP THE FEATHERS AWAY

6

Oh rip the feathers away away  
Oh rip the feathers away  
Oh the ass of a duck  
Makes a wonderful fuck  
If you rip the feathers away.

O'REILLEY'S DAUGHTER

7

As I was sitting at O'Reilleys bar  
Listening to tales of blood and slaughter  
Came a thought into my mind  
Why not shag O'Reilleys daughter

Chorus:

Fiddley-I-E Fiddley-I-O  
Fiddley-I-E for the one balled Reilly  
Rig-A-Jig-Jig Shag Balls and all  
Rubby dub dub shag on.

I grabbed that she bitch by the ass  
Then I threw my left leg over  
Shagged and shagged and shagged some more  
Shagged and shagged till the fun was over.

Chorus:

There came a knock upon my door  
Who should it be but her God-damn Father  
Two horse pistols by his side  
Looking for the guy who shagged his daughter

(Cont)



O'REILLEY'S DAUGHTER (CONT)

Chorus:

I grabbed that bastard by the hair  
Shoved his head in a pail of water  
Shoved those pistols up his ass  
A damn sight farther than I shagged his daughter.

Chorus:

Now as I go walking down the street  
People shout from every corner  
There goes the dirty son of a bitch  
The one who shagged O'Reillys daughter.

8

STAY WITH GOD (Tune - Dashing through the snow)

The game was played on Sunday in Heavens own back yard  
With Jesus playing quarterback and Moses playing guard  
The angels in the bleachers my god how they did yell  
When Jesus made a touchdown against the boys from hell.

Chorus: (Tune - Oh, Them Golden Slippers)

Stay with God, oh lordy, stay with God, oh lordy  
Jesus on the one yard line, Moses doin very fine  
Stay with God, oh lordy, stay with God, oh lordy  
Hoke em, soke em, Jesus poke em, stay with God.

NELLY DARLING (Tune - Nelly Darling)

9

Oh your ass is like a stovepipe Nelly darling  
And the nipples on your tits are turning green  
There's an odor of blue ointment round your pussy  
You're the ugliest fucking bitch I've ever seen

There's a yard of lint protruding from your navel  
And when you piss you piss a stream as green as grass  
There's enough wax in your ears to make a candle  
So kindly make one dear and shove it up your ass.

SALLY

10

Sally's in the alley sifting cinders  
Lifted up her leg and farted like a man  
Wind from her bloomers broke six winders  
Cheeks of her ass went BAM BAM BAM.

THE BLOODY GREAT WHEEL

11

An airman told me before he died  
(And I don't think that the bastard lied)  
He had a wife with a cunt so wide  
That she could never be satisfied.

(Cont.)

THE BLOODY GREAT WHEEL (Cont.)

So he fashioned a prick of steel  
And attached it to a bloody great wheel  
Two balls of brass filled with cream  
And the whole fucking issue was run by steam.

Well, 'round and 'round went the bloody great wheel  
In and out went the big prick of steel  
Until at last the maiden cried,  
"Enough, enough, I'm satisfied."

But now we come to the bitter bit  
There was no way of stopping it  
It split that bitch from cunt to tit  
And the whole fucking issue went up in shit

I LOVE MY GIRL

12

I love my girl yes I do deed I do  
I love her truly  
I love the hole that she pisses through  
I love her ruby red lips, her lilt white tits  
And the hair around her ass hole  
I'd eat her shit gobble slurp slurp  
With a wooden spoon

A BABBLING BROOK

13

A babbling brook, a shaddy nook, a girl all dressed in yellow  
Two snow white tits, two rubby lips, oh you lucky fellow  
Between the hours of two and four when he began to linger  
She said, "Young man if you are through, I'll finish with my finger."  
So he got up and took a piss, and she got up and farted  
He wiped his jock upon her sock, and that is how they parted  
Nine days went by, he heaved a sigh, a sigh of pain and sorrow  
The pimples pink were on his dink and there'll be more tomorrow  
Nine months went by and she heaved a sigh, a sigh of pain and sorrow  
Two little mutts were in her guts but they'll be out tomorrow.

IVAN SKAVINSKI SKAVAR

14

Oh the harems of Egypt are fair to behold  
And the maidens the fairest of fair  
The fairest, a Greek, was owned by the shiek  
One Abdul Abbuldul Amer

A traveling brothel was brought into town  
By a Russian who came from afar  
And a challenge went wide, as to who could outride  
Count Ivan Skavinske Skavar.

Now Abdul rode by with his hand on his fly  
And his balls hanging low with desire  
And he wagered a million that he could outride  
Count Ivan Skavinski Skavar

So this spectacle great was all set for a date  
Twas to be refereed by the Czar  
And the streets were all lined to see harlots entwined  
With Abdul and Ivan Skavar.

(Con't)

They met at the track with their tools hanging slack  
 And the starters gun punctured the air  
 They were quick on the rise, people gasped at the size  
 Of Ivan Skavinski Skavar

The cunts were all shorn and no rubbers were worn  
 And Abdul revved up like a car  
 But he hadn't a hope 'gainst the long greasy stroke  
 Of Ivan Skavinski Skavar.

Now when Ivan had won and was cleaning his gun  
 He bent down to pick up his pair  
 When something red hot, up his rear track was shot  
 And Abdul the bastard was there.

Then the harlots all screamed and the people yelled "Queen!"  
 They were ordered apart by the Czar  
 But so fast were they stuck, it was fucking bad luck  
 For Abdul and Ivan Skavar

The cream of the joke came when finally they broke  
 It was laughed at for years by the Czar  
 For Abdul, the fool, had left half of his tool  
 In Ivan Skavinski Skavar.

## NO BALLS AT ALL

15

There once was a girl named Sara McFox  
 With hair on her chest and cheese in her box  
 She married a man named Patrick McCall  
 With a very short peter and no balls at all

Chorus:

What? no balls at all?  
 No balls at all.  
 A very short peter and no balls at all.

The very first night these two lovers were wed  
 They took off their clothes and went straight up to bed  
 She reached for his pecker, it was very small  
 She reached for his balls he had no balls at all.

Now mother dear mother oh what shall I do?  
 I've married a man who never can screw  
 I reached for his pecker, it was very small  
 I reached for his balls, he had no balls at all.

Oh daughter dear daughter now don't be so sad  
 It was the same trouble I had with your dad  
 But there's many a man who will come to the call  
 Of the wife of a man who has no balls at all

(Con't)

NO BALLS AT ALL (Cont)

The daughter went home, took her mothers advice,  
And found the results most exceedingly nice.  
A bouncing young baby was born in the fall  
To the wife of the man who had no balls at all.

PARTIES, BANQUETS AND BALLS  
(Tune-Take me out to the ballgame)

16

Parties banquets and balls boys  
Parties banquets and balls  
As president Hoover once said before  
The only one way we can stay out of a war  
'Is with parties banquets and balls boys  
Parties banquets and balls  
We'll have parties and banquets and  
Banquets and parties  
and Balls, Balls, Balls

PLEASE DONT BURN THE SHITHOUSE DOWN

17

Please don't burn the shithouse down  
Mother has promised to pay  
Mother is drunk, father's in jail  
Sister's in a family way  
Brother dear is mighty queer  
Times are fucking hard  
So please don't burn the shithouse down  
Or we'll all have to shit in the yard.

COLD WINTER'S EVENING

18

'Twas a cold winter's evening, the guests were all leaving  
O'Leary was closing the bar, When he turned and said to the lady in red,  
Get out! You can't stay where you are.  
She shed a sad tear in her bucket of beer, As she thought of the cold  
night ahead.

When a gentleman dapper stepped out of the crapper,  
And these are the words that he said:  
Her mother never told her the things a young girl should know  
About the ways of Fighter Jocks and how they come and go.  
Age has taken her beauty, and life has left its sad scar  
So remember your mothers and sisters boys and let her sleep under the bar.

SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD

19

Darling let me fix your garter  
Just an inch above your knee  
And if I should wander farther  
Please don't blame it all on me.

The hair around your pussy's turning silver  
The hair around my cock is turning gold  
So let's put our two things together  
Silver threads among the gold.

(Cont)

SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD (Cont.)

So she let me fix her garter  
Just an inch above her knee  
And my hand did wander farther  
And she pissed all over me.

OH THEY SAY THAT THIS KIMPO'S A WONDERFUL PLACE

20

Oh they say that this Kimpo's a wonderful place  
But the organizations a fucking disgrace  
There's Captains and Major's and light Colonels too  
With their hands in their pockets and fuck all to do  
They stand on the ramp and they rave and they shout  
And for all of their good they might just as well be  
A shoveling shit on the Isle of Capri.

HAVE YOU TRIED YESSUP?

21

Have you tried Yessup  
The best breakfast in the land  
Have you tried Yessup  
The best breakfast food in the land  
Delicious, nutritious, the whole day through  
Jack Hard-On never tires of it, and neither will you  
Oh have you tried Yessup,  
The best breakfast food in the land.

Yessup-Spelled backwards is Pussy  
Spelled sideways is Slur-Slurp

SIX POUNDS OF BOOBIES

22

Six pounds of boobies in a loose brassier  
An old used condrum is a glass of beer  
A twat that twitches like a mooses ear  
These are the things I love.

A dirty whore strolling down the street  
A bloody Kotex in the rumbleseat  
I love my poontang but I beat my meat  
These are the things I love.

KIMPO BLUES

23

(Tune, A Little Bit of Heaven Fell, etc)

Oh a little bit of shit fell down  
Out of the sky one day  
And it landed in the Chosen  
Oh so very far away.  
And when the Senate saw it  
It looked so fucking bare  
They said that's what we're looking for  
We'll send our Air Force there.

(Con't)

KIMPO BLUES (Cont.)

So they sent their "86's"  
Air Base Group and medics too  
And they sent the dreaded 336th  
They knew just what to do.  
And now you'll find them languished  
In a place that's so remote  
That all you'll hear those bastards shout's  
"Where are these fucking boats"

Chorus:

I've got those Kimpo Blues,  
Kimchi blues  
I'm fed up  
And I'm fucked up  
And I'm blue.

We tried to please old Sygman  
But it really was a farce  
The only thing twas left to do  
Was shove it up his arse.

Chorus:

Oh we found our Alma Mater  
In a house in Yong Dong Po  
The brass got there before us  
They showed us where to go

GIVE ME OPERATIONS

24

Don't give me a P-38, the props they counter-rotate  
They've scattered and smitten from Burma to Britain  
Don't give me a P-38.

Chorus:

Just give me operations  
Way out on some lonely atoll  
For I am too young to die  
I just want to grow old.

Don't give me a P-39  
The engine is mounted behind  
They'll tumble and spin and auger you in  
Don't give me a P-39

Don't give me a peter four oh, a hell of an airplane I know  
A gound loopin bastard, you're sure to get plastered  
Don't give me a peter four oh.

Don't give me an old thunderbolt, it gave many a pilot a jolt  
It looks like a jug and it flies like a tug  
Don't give me an old thunderbolt.

(Con't)

GIVE ME OPERATIONS (Cont.)

Don't give me a P-51, it was alright for fighting the hun  
But with coolant tank dry, you'll fall out of sky  
Don't give me a P-51.

Don't give me a P-61, for night flying is no fun  
They say it's a lark, but I'm scared of the dark  
Don't give me a P-61.

Don't give me a jet shooting star, it'll go, but not very far  
It'll rumble and spout, but soon will flame out  
Don't give me a jet shooting star.

Don't give me an F-84, she's just a gound loving whore  
She'll whine moan and wheeze and she'll clobber the trees  
Don't give me an F-84.

Don't give me an F86, with wings like broken match sticks  
They'll zoom and they'll hover, but as for top cover  
Don't give me an F-86.

Don't give me an 86-D, with rockets, radar and A/B  
She's fast I don't care, she blows up in mid-air  
Don't give me an 86-D.

Don't give ma an F-89, Tho TIME says they'll really climb  
They're all in the states, all boxed up in crates  
Don't give me an F-89.

Don't give ma an F-94, it's never established a score  
It may fly in weather, but won't hold together  
Don't give me an F-94.

Don't give me a C-45, so slow it stalls out in a dive  
A gound loop built in it, and bird colonels in it  
Don't give me a C-45.

Don't give me a C54, six inches of rugs on the floor  
And we'll go fat-cat'n, from here to Manhattan  
Don't give me a C-54.

Don't give me a B-45, the pilots don't get back alive  
The Mig 15's chase em, they soon will erase em  
Don't give me a B-45.

Don't give me a one-double - O, The bastard is ready to blow  
The A/B is there, but you're saying a prayer  
Don't give me a one-double-O.

Don't give me an F-102, it never goes up when its blue  
An all weather coffin, that flames out so often  
Don't give me an F-102.

(Cont)

GIVE ME OPERATIONS (con't)

Don't give me an F-101, a rat-race in her is no fun.  
When you're trying to win, at 4 G's she digs in.  
Don't give me an F-101.

Don't give me an F-104, though she'll do Mach 2 at full bore,  
With those short, stubby wings she can't carry a thing.  
Don't give me an F-104.

Don't give me an F-105, in that big hog guys don't stay alive.  
And you'll know you've been diddled when she braks in the middle.  
Don't give me an F-105.

Don't give me a big F-4C, with two engines, two seats, two ABs,  
In a dog-fight you're done (radar missiles, no gun).  
Don't give me a big F-4C.

THE MAN BEHIND THE ARMOR PLATED DESK  
(Tune - Strip Polka)

25

Early in the morning when the engines start to roar  
You can see the old goat standing, beside his office door  
He'll be sweating out the take-off, he's often done before  
The man behind the armor plated desk.

Four times he's led us up there, and he always led up back  
For he circled o'er the I.P., as we went in to attack  
He said, "I'm hard yet fair boys, but allergic to ack ack"  
The man behind the armor plated desk.

And when the target's sighted, who inspires the attack  
Who says hundreds may go in lads, but a few aren't coming back  
Who says we'll disregard the minimum, when you supress the flak  
The man behind the armor plated desk.

And when the missions over, and briefing they should be  
You can search the whole field over, but not a pilot will you see  
For they'll all be at the O Club, with a mixed drink in their hand  
Singing The Man Behind the Armor Plated Desk.

SONG OF R AND R  
(Tune - Moonlight on the Wabash)

26

When the ice is on the rice in old Chitose  
And the Saki in the cellar starts to freeze  
I don't want to see my wife in San Francisco  
-I just want to see my little Nipponese

KOTEX SONG  
(Tune: Caisons Go Rolling Along)

27

You can tell by the smell that she isn't feeling well,  
When the end of the month rolls around.  
How she turns, how she squirms, how she gets a case of worms,  
When the end of the month rolls around. (Cont)



For it's hi, hi, hee, in the Kotex industry,  
 Super! Junior! - Band aid.  
 For where ere you go,  
 The blood will always flow,  
 When the end of the month rolls around,  
 Keep 'em bleedin' when the end of the month rolls around

THE BLOODY GREAT KIDNEY WIPER

28

The lady of the mansion, was dressing for the ball when she espied a  
 tinker, pissing up against the wall.

CHORUS:

With his bloody great kidney wiper and balls as big as three and a  
 yard and a half of foreskin hanging down below his knee.

The lady wrote a letter and in it she did say,  
 I'd rather be fucked by the tinker than my husband anyday.

Oh the tinker got the letter and when it he did read  
 His balls slung o'er his shoulder and his penis by his side.

Oh, he rode up to the mansion, her rode up to the hall,  
 Gor' Blyme? said the butler he has come to fuck us all.

Oh, he fucked them in the parlor, he fucked them on the beds,  
 Lord save us! Cried the chambermaids, We've lost our maidenheads.

Oh, he fucked the Duchess standing, he fucked her against the wall,  
 But when he fucked the butler 'twas the dirtiest trick of all.

Oh, he rode out from the mansion, he rode into the street.  
 With little drops of semen pattering at his feet.

Oh, the tinker's dead and buried, I'll bet he's gone to hell  
 He said he'd fuck the devil and I'll bet he's done it well.

UNCLE JOHN & AUNTIE MABEL

29

(Tune - Hark the Herald Angels Sing)

Uncle John & Auntie Mabel, fainted at the breakfast table,  
 This should be sufficient warning, never do it in the morning.

Ovalteen has set them right, now they do it every night,  
 Uncle John is hoping soon, to rip one off in the afternoon,

Uncle John hoping soon to rip one off in the afternoon.

PARTIES

30

Oh, parties make the world go round  
 Parties make the world go round  
 Parties make the world go round  
 So, let's have a party

(Con't)

## PARTIES

(Con't)

We're never too busy to say hello  
 We're never too busy to say hello  
 We're never too busy to say hello  
 HELLO - HELLO - HELLO

BESIDE A KOREAN WATERFALL 31

Beside a Korean waterfall, one bright and sunny day  
 Beside his shattered Sabre jet, a young pursuiter lay  
 His parachute hung from a nearby tree, he was not yet quite dead  
 So listen to the very last words this young pursuiter said.

I'm going to a better land where everything is bright  
 Where whiskey flows from telephone poles  
 Play poker every night.  
 We haven't got a thing to do, but sit around and sing  
 And all our crews are women, oh death where is thy sting

Oh death where is thy sting, ting-a-ling  
 Oh death where is thy sting  
 The bells of Hell will ring, ting-a-ling  
 For you but not for me  
 Oh, ting-a-ling ling, blow it out your ass  
 Ting-a-ling-a-ling ling, blow it out your ass  
 Ting-a-ling-a-ling ling, blow it out your ass  
 Better days are coming bye and bye.

YOU CAN TELL A FIGHTER PILOT 32  
 (Tune - Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory)

By the ring around his eyeball  
 You can tell a bombardier  
 You can tell a bomber pilot  
 By the spread around his rear  
 You can tell a navigator  
 By his sextants, maps, and such  
 You can tell a fighter jockey  
 BUT YOU CAN'T TELL HIM MUCH

KOREA 33  
 (Tune - I'm Looking Over a Four Leaf Clover)

I'm looking over a well fought over  
 Korea that I abhor  
 One for the money  
 And two for the show  
 Ridgeway said stay  
 But we want to go.  
 There's no use explaining  
 Why we're remaining  
 We got what we were fighting for  
 KOREA, KOREA and diarrhea  
 To make the rice grow some more.

TIPTANKS AND TAILPIPES ( THE WALL)  
(Tune - Bless them All)

34

Bless them all, bless them all  
Bless tiptanks and tailpipes and all  
Bless old man Lockheed for building this jet  
But I know a guy who is cussing him yet  
Cause he tried to go over the wall  
With tiptanks and tailpipes and all  
The needles did cross, and the wings did come off  
With tiptanks and tailpipes and all.

Through the wall, through the wall  
Through the bloody invisible wall  
That transsonic journey is nothing but rough  
As bad as a ride on the local base base bus  
So I'm staying away from the wall  
Subsonic for me and that's all  
If you're hot you might make it  
But you'll probably break it  
Your butt and your neck, not the wall.

FATHERS GRAVE  
(Tune - Piccadilly Underground)

35

Oh they're digging up fathers grave to build a sewer  
And they're going at the job at no expense  
They're disturbing his remains, to make way for outhouse drains  
To satisfy some brand new resident, Gor Blimey

Now father in his day was never a quitter  
And I don't suppose he'll be a quitter now  
He'll dress up in white sheets, and haunt those outhouse seats  
And no one there will sit but he allows, Gor Blimey

Now won't there be some bloody constipation  
And won't those bloody bastards rant and rave  
Which is more than they deserve, for having the bloody nerve  
To bugger about with a British workmans grave.

FLAK SHOWERS  
(Tune - April Showers)

36

Although Flak showers, may come your way  
They'll bring the panic, that makes you say  
My fuel is Josephine, I'm going home  
So if you want to stay and fight, you may  
Stay and fight alone.

I've added throttle, I'm on my way  
I'll live to come back some other day  
So keep on strafing that position  
And knock it out for me  
I'm just a close supporter, can't you see

THE AIR FORCE LAMENT  
(Tune - The Battle Hymn of the Republic)

37

Mine eyes have seen the days of men who ruled the fighting sky  
With hearts that laughed at death, who lived for nothing but to fly  
But now those hearts are grounded, and those days are long gone by  
The Air Force's gone to hell!

Chorus: Glory flying regulations, have them read at every station  
Crucify the man who breaks them; the Air Force's gone to hell!

My bones have felt their pounding throb, a hundred thousand strong  
A mighty airborne legion set to right the deadly wrong  
But now it's only memory; it only lives in song.  
The Air Force's gone to hell!

I have seen them in their thunderbolts, their eyes were dancing flame  
I've seen their screaming power dives, that blasted Goering's name  
But now they fly like sissies and they hang their heads in shame  
Their spirit's shot to hell!

They flew their rugged mustangs through a living hell of flak  
And bloody dying pilots, gave their lives to bring them back  
But now they all plan ping pong in the operations shack  
Their technique's gone to hell!

The lordly flying fortress and the liberator too  
Once wrote the doom of Germany, with contrails in the blue  
But now the skies are empty, and our planes are wet with dew  
And we can't fly for hell!

You heard your pounding 50's blaze from wings of polished steel  
The purring of your Merlin was a song your heart could feel  
But now the L-5 charms you with its moanin, groanin squeal  
And it won't climb for hell!

Have you ever climbed a lightning up to where the air is thin  
Have you stuck her long nose downward, just to hear the screaming din  
Have you tried to do it lately, better not-you'll auger in.  
And then you'll sure catch hell!

Hap Arnold built a fighting team that sang a fighting song  
About the wild blue yonder in the days when men were strong  
But now we're closely supervised for fear we may do wrong  
The Air Force's gone to hell!

We were cocky bold and happy when we played the angel's game  
We split the blue with buzzing, and we rolled our way to fame  
But now that's all verboten and we're all so goddamn tame  
Our spirits' shot to hell!

One day I buzzed an airfield with another reckless chap  
We flew a hot formation with his wingtip in my lap  
But there's a new directive and we'll have no more of that  
Or you will burn in hell!

Mine eyes get dim with tears when I recall the days of old  
When pilots took their choice of being old or young and bold  
Alas I have no choice and will live to be quite old  
The Air Force's gone to hell!

(Con't)

THE AIR FORCE LAMENT (Con't)

But smile awhile my pilots though your eyes may still be wet  
Someday we'll meet in heaven where the rules have not been set  
And God will show us how to buzz and roll and really let -  
The Air Force fly like hell!

Chorus:

Glory no more regulations, rip them down at every station  
Ground the guy that tries to make one and let us fly like hell.

WHEN YOUR LEAVES HAVE TURNED TO SILVER  
(Tune - Silver Threads among the Gold)

38

When your leaves have turned to silver  
Will you love us just the same  
Oh, we'll always call you \_\_\_\_\_  
Isn't it a bloody shame.

To the days at Itazuke  
And the parties that we knew  
When your leaves have turned to silver  
You can stick them up your flue.

PILOTS LAMENT  
(Tune - If I had the Wings of an Angel)

39

Now listen all you pilots and you airmen  
We will tell you a story sad but true  
Of many who wear wings but are not happy  
Gather round while we sing this song to you.

The many who wear wings but are not happy  
Wear a smile on their lips, not in their hearts  
They're overjoyed to wear the badge of an airman  
But are sad in getting off to such bad starts.

A reason there must be for discontentment  
Why the gloom as dark as any blacked out loop  
Just ask them one and all and they will tell you  
I'm not a member of the 312th Fighter Group.

AIR FORCE 801  
(Tune - Wabash Cannonball)

40

Listen to the rumble, and hear old Merlin roar  
I'm flying over Moji, like I never flew before  
Hear the mighty rush of the slipstream, and hear old Merlin mean  
I'll wait a bit and say a prayer, and hope it gets me home.

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801  
I'm turning on the downwind leg, my prop has overrun  
My coolant's overheated, the gauge says 1-2-1  
You'd better get the crash crew, and get them on the run.

(Con't)

Air Force 801 this is Itazuke tower  
 I cannot call the crash crew, this is their coffee hour  
 You're not cleared in the pattern, now that is plain to see  
 So take it on around again, we have some VIP's

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801  
 I'm turning on the downwind leg, I see your biscuit gun  
 My engine's runnin ragged, and the coolant's gonna blow  
 I'm gonna prang a Mustang, sollook out down below.

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801  
 I'm turning on the final, and running on one lung  
 I'm gonna land this Mustang no matter what you say  
 I've gotta get my charts fixed up, before that judgement day.

Air Force 801, this is judgement day  
 You're in pilots heaven, and you are here to stay  
 You just bought a Mustang, and you bought it well  
 The famous Air Force 801 was sent straight down to hell.

## ITAZUKE ORT

(Tune - When you wore a tulip)

41

When you flew a Mustang, and I flew a Mustang  
 In the Itazuke ORT  
 Other pilots went to briefing  
 We stayed in the sack a'sleeping  
 Hotter stones you'll never see  
 We were hotter than tabasco, when group pulled each fiasco  
 We excelled in proficiency  
 When you flew a mustang, and I flew a Mustang  
 In the Itazuke ORT.

## MEET ME IN KYOTO

(Tune - Meet Me In St. Louis)

42

Meet me in Kyoto, Moto  
 Meet me at the shrine  
 Take your shoes off when you enter  
 Or you'll pay a fine  
 We will have some sukiyaki  
 Then we'll have a cup of saki  
 If you'll meet me in Kyoto, Moto  
 Meet me at the shrine.

## BARNACLE BILL THE PILOT

(Tune - Barnacle Bill the Sailor)

43

The air Corps is the life for me, said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor  
 I'll jump my ship and leave the sea and be an aviator  
 I'll fly so high I'll reach the sky, gravitation I'll defy  
 I'll make the people moan and cry, said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.

Pretty soon you'll lose that grin, pretty soon you'll loose  
 that grin

Pretty soon you'll lose that grin, said the fair young maiden

I'm rough and tough, I know my stuff, said Bill, the Aviator  
 I'll fly this ship till I've had enough, said Bill, the Aviator  
 I know a strut, I know a fin, I know a barrel roll and a spin  
 I know a prop, I know a knick, and I know an elevator.

You're out of gas and must go down, you're out of gas and must  
 go down

You're out of gas and must go down, wailed the fair young maiden

I'm a cokeyed Finn if I'll give in, roared Bill the Aviator  
 I'll fight this ship with a flyer's grin, roared Bill, the Aviator  
 He kicked the bar and pulled the stick, which didn't seem to do the  
 trick

And he hit the ground like a ton of brick, poor Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.

Here's some flowers for his grave, here's some flower for his grave  
 Here's some flowers for his grave, sobbed the fair young maiden

COME ON AND JOIN THE AIR FORCE  
 (Tune: Ramblin' Wreck From Georgia Tech)

44

Come on and join the Air Force, we're a happy band they say  
 We never do a lick of work, just fly around all day  
 While others work and study hard, and soon grow old and blind  
 We'll take to the air without a care, and you will never mind.

Chorus:

You'll never mind, you'll never mind  
 Oh, come and join the Air Force  
 And you will never mind.

Come on and get promoted just as high as you desire  
 You're riding on a gravy train when you're an Air Force flyer  
 But just when you're about to be a general you'll find  
 The engine coughs the wings fall off, and you will never mind.

One day you'll loop and spin her and with an awful tear  
 You find yourself without your wings but you will never care  
 For in about two minutes more another pair you'll find  
 You'll fly with Pete and his angels sweet, but you will never mind.

You're flying over the ocean when you hear your engine spit  
 You see your prop come to a stop, The god damn engine's quit  
 The ship won't float, you cannot swim, the shore is miles behind  
 Oh, what a dish for the crabs and fish, but you will never mind.

I fly up to Yalu, in my F-86  
 And here's one thing that you can send to Congress in your TWX  
 I've only got one engine, Jack, and if the bastard quits  
 It will be up there all by itself, cause I will shit and git.

Oh, we're just a bunch of Air Force lads, and we don't give a damn  
 About the groundling's point of view and all that sort of ham  
 We want a hundred thousand ships of each and every kind  
 And now we've got our own Air Force, so we will never mind.

(Con't)

COME ON AND JOIN THE AIR FORCE

(Con't)

Now we're the operations bunch, and we don't give a damn  
About those paper shufflin types, with heads just like a ham,  
We want a hundred planes or so, all ready on the line  
And they can pad those swivel chairs, and we will never mind

Oh, come and get your brassy rank as high as you desire  
You're riding on a gravy train, when you're in the Admin' mire  
The ones and fours have room for more, or so they always find  
With noses in place, we don't mean on the face, you will never mind.

THE LITTLE BROWN MOUSE

45

OH the liquor was spilled on the bar-room floor  
The Bar was closed for the night  
When out of his hole came a little Brown Mouse  
And he sat in the pale moonlight  
He lapped up the liquor on the bar-room floor  
As back on his haunches he sat  
And all night long you could hear him roar  
"Bring on your goddamn cat!"

OFF WE GO

(Tune - USAF Song)

46

Back we come, off of a one hour test hop  
From over the land and over the sea  
For this feat we get a raise in rank  
Ten days leave, and a DFC.

Heroes all, as you can judge by medals  
Got a lot, and we'll get some more  
We're out to conquer, and we will  
For nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force

TITANIC

47

Oh, they built the ship Titanic, and when they had it through  
The thought they had a ship, that the water would never come through  
But the Lork Almighty's hand, said the ship would never land  
It was sad when that great ship went down.

Chorus:

Oh it was sad, Oh it was sad  
It was sad when that great ship went down  
To the bottom of the --  
Husbands and wives, little bittie children lost their lives  
It was sad when that great ship went down.

T'was on a Tuesday morn, they were nearing Englands shore  
And the rich refused to associate with the poor  
So they put the poor below where they were the first to go  
It was sad when that great ship went down.

(Con't)



TITANIC (Con't)

They were nearing Englands shore and were heading for the dock  
When the old ship Titanic began to reel and rock  
Oh the captain tried to wire but the wire was on fire  
It was sad when that great ship went down.

Then the ship began to list, and the lights began to flicker  
And a drunk cried out, my God where is my likker  
So they brought out the bottle and they passed it all around  
It was sad when that great ship went down.

They swung the lifeboats out, o'er the dark and stormy sea  
And the band struck up with Nearer My God to Thee  
Little children wept and cried as the waves swept o'er the side  
It was sad when that great ship went down.

CHICKEN SONG

48

We had some chickens, no eggs would they lay  
We had some chickens, no eggs would they lay  
My wife said, honey, it's striking funny  
We're losing money, no eggs would they lay  
Oh day the rooster flew into the yard  
And caught the poor chickens completely off guard

They're laying eggs now, Just like they used to  
Ever since that rooster, flew into the yard  
They're laying eggs now, just like they used to  
Ever since that rooster, flew into the yard.

NAPALM  
(Tune - Titanic)

49

It was up by Sopori where the Yalu meets the sea  
I was out on a recce to see what I could see  
When I spied a farmer man with his pitchfork in his hand  
It was sad when my napalm went down.

Chorus:

It was sad, oh it was sad  
It was sad when my napalm went down (hit the farmer)  
There were husbands and wives  
Itty bitty children lost their lives  
It was sad when my napalm went down.

It was up by Kuniri where I won my DFC  
I was out on a recce to see what I could see  
When I spied a church below and I let my rockets go  
It was sad when those rockets went down.

(Con't)

Chorus:

It was sad, oh it was sad  
It was sad when those rockets went down (hit the steeple)  
All the people ran like hell  
When those rockets hit the bell  
It was sad when those rockets went down.

It was up by Sinanju where I knew I was through  
The 50's and 40's had shot my turbine through  
It was when I hit the silk, oh my God I strained my milk  
It was sad when that pilot went down.

Chorus:

It was sad, oh it was sad  
It was sad when that pilot went down (hit the bottom)  
There were husbands and wives  
Itty bitty children lost their lives  
It was sad when that pilot went down.

AND I LEARNED ABOUT FLYING FROM HIM  
(Tune - I learned about Women from Her)

50

I've handled the stick and the rudder  
I've flown quite a lot in my time  
I've had my share of instructors  
And some of the bunch were fine  
A bowlegged fellow from Princeton  
And one that was trained at Cornell  
And a fellow from Brooks, but they gave him the hooks  
And the Shavetail that gave me hell.

The fellow from Princeton was steady  
He taught me to takeoff and land  
He'd set her down on three points  
And loop her to beat the band  
But when I went up for a solo  
The jennie was steady and trim  
Well, I landed that ship, but I busted my hip  
And I learned about flying from him.

The man from Cornell was a bad one  
A son-of-a-gun I will say  
The dirty tail-spin he gave me  
Will last for many a day  
I donated a lunch to the cockpit  
But he dived and spun her again  
He gave me a howl when I ducked for the cowl  
And I learned about flying from him.

(Con't)

AND I LEARNED ABOUT FLYING FROM HIM (Con't)

The fellow from Brooks used the Gosport  
And he talked through a long rubber tube  
All that I heard was his swearing  
He spotted me for a boob  
I'll never forget one bad tailspin  
He yelled, kicked the rudder you simp  
But I didn't kick, I must wiggled the stick  
And I learned about flying from him.

At last I came to formation  
And took a fast ship from the line  
I made the first turn a humming  
And brought her back upright just fine  
I sped up the ship without thinking  
And hit number two in the wing  
And --- when I go well, the CO gave me hell  
And I learned about flying from him.

I've handled the stick and the rudder  
I've flown quite a lot in my time  
I've had my share of instructors  
And some of the bunch were fine  
But take some straight dope from a flyer  
And go with Navy to sea  
For the ships they have there can land anywhere  
And learn about flying from me.

WRECK OF OLD '97

51

There were 97 airplanes warning up on the apron  
Not enough room you could see  
No the first ninty-six were of recent construction  
Bust the last one was a Fifty-one D.

She was old '97 and she had a fine record  
But she hadn't been flown that year  
And she creaked and groaned when they started her engine  
For she knew that her time was near.

A Second Lieutenant wandered into operations  
And he asked for a ship or two  
And they said, "Young man, we are very short of airplanes  
But we'll see what we can do.

"Now the first forty-seven are reserved for Majors  
And the Captains have the next forty-nine  
But there's one more ship on the end of the apron  
The last ship upon the line.

We was headed for Wonju and from there to Chinhae  
And he had to make that flight  
So he said, "O.K., if you give me a clearance  
I will get there sometime tonight."

(Con't)

Oh, he flew over Taejon and the Taegu airstrip  
And the ceiling began to fall  
And the clouds closed down on the tops of the mountains  
And couldn't see the ground at all

He flew through the rain and he flew through a snowstorm  
Till the light began to fail  
When he found a railroad going in his direction  
And he said, "I'll get there by rail."

He flew down a valley and he dodged through the mountains  
And he kept that road in sight  
Till the rails disappeared through a hole in the mountains  
And he ended his last long flight.

There was old 97, with her nose in the mountain  
And her wheels upon the track  
And her throttle was bent in the forward position  
But her engine was facing back.

Now ladies please listen and heed my warning  
From this time ever on  
Never speak harsh words to your flyboy husband  
He may leave you and never return.

SAFE HAND MAIL  
(Tune - Wreck of the Old '97)

52

They gave him his orders at old Itazuke  
Saying, "Bill, you're way behind time."  
Take this safe hand mail in your way weary mustang  
And put 'er in Nagoya on time.

Bill turned and he said to his black, greasy, crew chief  
"IS my spam-can ready to roll?"  
Just head 'er down the runway and open up the throttle  
And I'll call Camel Control."

There was one dark cloud between Bofu and Nagoya  
But Bill was a gauge pilot bold  
It was in this cloud that he spun all his gyros  
And his Mustang did three snap rolls.

He came roarin' down the bottom doin' a million miles an hour  
When the tip-tanks came off with a scream  
They found him in the wreck with his hand on the throttle  
Still flying the Tokyo beam.

Fare-thee well, oh fare-thee well  
Old Bill broke his mustang all to hell  
There'll be no more suki-hacki at good old Itazuke  
Fare-thee well, oh fare-thee well.

MOONSHINE  
(Tune - You are my Sunshine)

53

You are my moonshine, my only moonshine  
You guide my fighters, when skies are grey  
I chase your bogies, from here to Moji  
Just to find they have gone the other way.

The other day boys, as I was flying  
I heard moonshine controller say  
"I've got a bogie down by Kurme  
Won't you head your jet that-a-way?"

He said he had me in radar contact  
And I believed him like a dope  
I flew to Moji - and still no bogie  
He had chased a fly across the scope.

You were my moonshine, my only moonshine  
How could you let me down this way  
My chute was swingin' - they heard me singin'  
Won't you take my moonshine away.

HERE'S TO THE REGULAR AIR FORCE  
(Tune - My Bonnie Liew Over The Ocean)

54

In peace time the regulars are happy  
In peace time they're happy to serve  
But let them get into a fracas  
and they'll call out the God Damn reserves

Chorus: Call out, Call out  
Call out the God Damn Reserves, reserves  
Call out, Call out  
Oh, call out the God Damn reserves.

Here's to the regular Air Force  
They have such a wonderful plan  
They call up the God Damn reservist  
Whenever the shit hits the fan.

The call up the war-weary pilots  
They ask for the drafted young man  
The reservists they go to Korea  
The regulars stay in Japan.

Here's to the regular Air Force  
With medals and badges galore  
If it weren't for the God Damn reservist  
Their ass would be dragging the floor.

Chorus 2: Fight on, fight on,  
Fight on regular Air Force  
Fight on, fight on,  
Fight on, fight on  
Fight on regular Air Force  
Fight on..

SPRING TIME ON THE YALU  
(Tune - When It's Spring Time in the Rockies)

55

When it's spring time on the Yalu and the Mig's come out to play  
And the contrails run in circles, fighter pilots earn their pay  
We'll hold our triggers steady when our sights are zeroed in  
We'll hold our glasses ready when they pass out rum and gin.

When it's spring time on the Yalu and the mapalm is in bloom  
And your 50's do the talking and it's jus a Mig and you  
Once again you'll hear whisper that my fuel is running low  
When it's spring time on the Yalu then it's time for us to go.

TO THE REGULARS  
(Tune = Mr. and Mrs. Mississippi)

56

I won't forget Korea  
I can'tt forget Kunsan  
For Syngman Rhee and Joe Stalin  
Have made me feel at home  
I flew across the bomblines  
And got a hole or two  
But all I got was a crock of shit  
From you and you and you.

Chorus:

Oh I was called to risk my ass  
and save the U.N. too  
But all I got was a crock of shit  
From you and you and you

The AA was terrific  
The small arms were intense  
While flyboys bombed the front lines  
The division did the rest  
While the regulars held their desk jobs  
The reserves were called en masse  
The U. N. knew the air reserve  
Was the one to save their ass.

I love you dear old USA  
With all my aching heart  
If I hadn't joined the damn reserves  
We'd never've had to part  
But we won't cry and we won't squawk  
For we are not alone  
For one of these days the regular's'll come  
And we can all go home.

Now we don't mind the hardships  
We've faced them in the past  
But we wonder if our congressmen  
Have had forties up their ass  
We have to fight to save the peace  
That's what the bastards said  
But when you check the casualties  
You'll find no senators dead.

(Con't)

I'm going to raise a family  
 When this was is through  
 I hope to have a bouncing boy  
 To tell my stories to  
 But someday when he grows up  
 If he joins the air reserve  
 I'll kick his ass from dawn to dusk  
 For that's what he'll deserve.

CO-PILOTS LAMENT  
 (Tune--The Cowboys Lament)

57

Oh, I'm the co-pilot. . . I sit on the right  
 I'm quick and courageous and wonderfully bright  
 I never talk back, for I'll have regret  
 And I must remember what the captain forgets.

I make out the flight plan and study the weather  
 Pull up the gear drop it and stand by to feather  
 I make out the mail forms and hire his whores  
 And fly the old crate to the tune of his snores.

I take all the readings and adjust the power  
 Put on the heaters when we'er in a shower  
 Tell where we are on the darkest of nights  
 And do all the book work without any light.

I call for my coaptain and buy him his cokes  
 And I always laugh at his horrible jokes  
 And once in a while when his landings are rusty  
 I come through with, "Captain, My Gawd But it' Gusty!"

All in all, I'm commissioned a general stooge  
 As I sit to the right of this high-flying scrooge  
 But maybe someday with great understanding  
 He'll soften a bit and give me a landing.

BOOZIN' BUDDIES

58

A fighter pilot lay dying  
 The medics had left him for dead  
 All around him women were crying  
 And these are the words that he said.

Take the tailpipe out of my stomach  
 Take the burner out of my brain  
 Take the turbine out of my kidney  
 And assemble the unit again.

For we are the boys who fly high in the sky  
 Bosom buddies while boozin'  
 We are the boys they sent out to die  
 Bodom buddies while bozin'.

(Con't)

Up in headquarters they sin and they shout  
Talking of things they know nothing about

We are the boys who fly high in the sky  
Bosom buddies while boozin'  
Bosom buddies while boozin'  
Bosom buddies while boozin'.

## STAND TO YOUR GLASSES

59

A poor aviator lay a-dying  
At the end of a bright summer day  
And his comrads were gathered around him  
To carry his fragments away.

Oh, his bird was piled on his wishbone  
And his engine was wrapped around his head  
And he wore a spark plug on each elbow  
Twas plain he would shortly be dead.

Oh, he spat out a valve and a gasket  
As he stirred in the sump where he lay  
And to his sorrowing comrades  
These brave parting words he say.

I'll be riding a cloud in the morning  
With no merlin before me to course  
So come along and get busy  
Another lad now wants the hearse.

Take the manifold out of my larynx  
And the cylinder out of my brain  
Take the piston rods out of my kidneys  
And assemble the engine again.

With rusted fifties and rockets  
With pilots as old as they seem  
We fly these worn out mustangs  
Against the MIG-15.

Forgotten by the land that bore us  
Betrayed by the ones we held dear  
The good have all gone before us  
And only the dull are still hear.

So stand to your glasses steady  
This world is a world full of lies  
Here's a toast to those dead already  
And here's to the next man to die.



Ay zigga zumba zumba zumba  
 Ay zigga zumba zumba zay  
 Ay zigga zumba zumba zumba  
 Ay zigga zumba zumba zay.

Hold'em down, you Zulu warriors  
 Hold'em down, you Zulu Chiefs  
 Chiefs Chiefs Chiefs  
 Chi-ga-ma-lie-----oh!

## I WANTED WINGS

61

I wanted wings till I got the god-damned things  
 Now I don't want them any more  
 They taught me how to fly then they sent me off to die  
 I've had a belly dull of war  
 You can save those bloody Zero's for the other god-damned heroes  
 Distinguished Flying Crosses do not compensate for losses, Buster,

Chorus:

I wanted wings till I got the god-damned things  
 Now I don't want them any more.

I'll take the dames while the rest go down in flames  
 I've no desire to be burned  
 Air combat spells romance, but it makes me wet my pants  
 I'm not a fighter I have learned  
 You can save those Mitsubitsi's for those other sons-o-bitches  
 Cause I'd rather lay a woman than ve shot down in a Grumman, Buster,

Now, I'm too young to die in a damned ol PBX  
 That's for the eager not for me  
 I don't trust to luck to be picked up by a duck  
 After I've crashed into the sea  
 Cause I'd rather be a bell hop than a flyer on a flat top  
 With my hand around a bottle not around a god-damned throttle, Buster,

Now I don't care to tour over Berlin or the Ruhr  
 Flak always makes me lose my lunch  
 I get a urge today, when they holler bombs away  
 I'd rather be home with the bunch  
 For there's one thing you can't laugh off  
 And that's when they shoot your ass off  
 For I'd rather be home buster with my ass then with a cluster, Buster,

They feed us lousy chow but we stay alive somehow  
 On dehydrated eggs and milk and stew  
 What will they think of next? They'll be dehydrating sex  
 And on that day I'll tell the coach I'm through  
 For I dearly love my humpin', and I'd love to do some pumpin'  
 But I'd rather come with chowder, than to come with lumps of powder,  
 Buster,

(Con't)

## I WANTED WINGS

(Con't)

Now the day that we bombed Metz, I ran out of cigaretts  
(I always smoke one for my gut)  
They make them by the ton, but I haven't got a one  
Oh what I'd give to have a butt  
Now the home front may be pitching, but I still will do my bitching  
Till I find some real sharp cookies, who can mass produce some nookies,  
Buster,

I don't fly for fun in a P dash five crash one  
Blazing a path for patton's tanks  
My wife don't want insurance and I'm not out for endurance  
I'd rather go to Paris and spend Francs.  
In England it was blitzes, and in France the Messeaschmidtzes  
Oh! I feel line such a sucker when my ass-hole starts to pucker,  
Buster,

I WANTED WINGS  
(Korean Version)

62

I wanted wings till I got the god-damn things  
Now I don't want them any more  
I don'r want a tour in Korea that's for sure  
I've had a belly full of war  
I don't want my fanny frozen  
In that putrid land of Chosen  
Fighting MIG's of Uncle Joe's  
In an atmosphere that's frigid frozen, buster  
I wanted wings till I got the god-damn things  
Now I don't want them anymore.

I don't want to die over Antung in the sky  
MIG's always make me barf my lunch  
For me there's no Hey, Hey screaming  
Bogies that-a-way  
I'd rather be home with the bunch  
Now there's one thing you can't laugh off  
And that's when they shoot your ass off  
I would rather be home buster  
With my ass than with a cluster, Buster  
I wanted wings till I got the god-damn things  
Now I don't want them any more.

## SQUADRON SONG

63

Oh, we are the boys from the 46th  
You've heard so much about  
Mothers keep their daughters in  
Whenever we go out

We're full of whiskey  
We're always full of booze  
Oh, we are the boys from the 46th  
Now who the hell are youse.

As we go marching  
 And the band begins to P\*L\*A\*Y  
 You can hear the people shouting  
 Raggedy Razz, Raggedy Razz  
 46th is on parade.

Whowawa  
 Who owns this club, whowawa  
 Who owns this club, whowawa  
 Who owns this club, the people cried  
 We own this club  
 We own this club  
 The fourty sixth squadron we replied!!

## GOOD OLD MOUNTAIN DEW

64

Chorus: They call it that good old mountain dew  
 And them that refuse it are few  
 I'll hush up my mug if you'll fill up my jug  
 With that good old mountain dew.

There's an old hollow tree, down the road here from me  
 Where you lay down a dollar or two  
 Then you go around the bend, and when you come back again  
 Your jug is full of that good old mountain dew

My brother Bill, has a still on the hill  
 Where he runs off a gallon or two  
 The buzzards in the sky, get so drunk they can't fly  
 Just from smelling that good old mountain dew.

Now my cousin Mort, he is sawed off and short  
 Only measures 'bout four foot two  
 But he thinks he's a giant, when you give him a pint  
 Of that good old mountain dew.

My old aunt June, bought some brand new perfume  
 And it had such a sweet smelling phew  
 But to her surprise, when she had it analized  
 It was nothing but good old mountain dew.

The flak gets so thick, that it makes you feel sick  
 When you've been on a rail cut or two  
 But you'll never abort, if they'll give you a snort  
 Of that good old mountain dew.

## BLOOD ON YOUR TUNIC

65

An Air Force Lieutenant to Pusan did stole  
 He'd just come back from a raid over Seoul  
 When an old MP Sgt said, "Pardon me, sir  
 Theres' blood on your tunic and mud on your knees."

(Con't)

Chorus: La de a, La de a  
 Ther's blood on your tunic  
 and mud on your knees

Now look here Sgt, you bloody damn fool  
 I've just come back from a raid over Seoul  
 Where ack ack is flying and comforts are few  
 And brave men are dying for bastards like you

Now the old MP Sgt said, Pardon, me sir,  
 But on the Lt. I meant no slur  
 But the girls down in pusan are hard to please  
 With blood on your tunic and mud on your knees!"

THE PO RIVER VALLEY  
 (Tune-Red River Valley)

66

To the Po river valley we're going  
 For to get us some trains and some tracks  
 But if I had my say-so about it  
 I'd still be back home in the sack

Come and sit by my side at the briefing  
 Do not hasten to bid me adieu  
 To the Po river valley we're going  
 And I'm flying four in flight blue.

We went for to check on the weather  
 And they said it was clear as can be  
 Now I lost my wingman 'round the field  
 And the rest augered in out at sea.

S-2 said ther's no flak where we're going  
 S-2 said there's no flak on the way  
 There's a dark overcast o'er the target  
 I'm begining to doubt what they say

A spitfire went by like a whirlwing  
 And a mustang went by like a breeze  
 And a C-46 with one feathered  
 Went by towing five L-3's.

To the Po river valley we're going  
 And many strange sights we will see  
 But the one there that held my attention  
 Was the flak that they threw up at me.

FAREWELL TO ANTUNG UNIVERSITY

67

Farewell to Antung University, I have risen to reality  
 Forty thousand is no place for me, with MIG-15's in the vicinity  
 With cannon balls flying all around, Makes me wish that I'd stayed on  
 the ground,  
 I should join the infantry, or take the Navy and go out to sea.

Where did red leader go, when I called out "Bingo"  
 That's what I'd like to know, just where in the hell did he go  
 He called "Red flight, BREAK RIGHT," all I did was tuck in tight  
 He climbed up in the sun and that's where the fun began!

Flashes behind me, flashes around  
 Flashes above me, and flashes on the ground.  
 I called "Red leader, where in the hell did you roam?"  
 Clear yourself and ride the mach cause I am going home!"

## BLESS THEM ALL

68

Bless them all, Bless them all  
 The needle, the airspeed the ball  
 Bless all the instructors  
 Who taught me to fly  
 Sent me up to solo and left me to die  
 So if ever your blow jet should stall  
 You're due for one hell of a fall  
 No lillies or violets for dead fighter pilots  
 So cheer up my lads, Bless them all

Bless them all, Bless them all  
 The long and the short and the tall  
 Bless all the sergeants  
 The sour puss ones  
 Bless all the Corporals and their dopey sons  
 Cause we're saying goodbye to them all  
 The long and the short and the tall  
 There'll be no promotions this side of the ocean  
 So while we are here bless them all

## CHITOSE BLUES

69

(Tune-Cigaretts nad Whiskey)

Once I was happy and had a dear wife  
 I had enough Yen to last me for life  
 I met a josan who was on the make  
 The bath it was hot and the Josan was too  
 If you go to Asmuchu my boys your are through

I went to my room, some sleep for to get  
 She said no sleep boy, with me ther's no sweat  
 I woke the next morning at quarter past ten  
 She says, "Hey Yankee, that's four thousand Yen."

I'm back in Chitose where we sing and we shout!  
 Me and the Doc are sweating it out  
 He gave me some pills from a jug on the shelf.  
 Then he poured out a dozen or two for himself.

Chorus: Cigaretts and Saki and wild wild Josans  
 They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane  
 Cigaretts and Saki and wild wild Josans  
 They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane

KUNI-RI AND ANTUNG  
(Tune - Cigaretts and Whiskey)

70

Once I was happy and had a good deal  
Flew Fox-Eighty-Sixed at old Victorville  
They asked for a volunteer, said, "I'll take you"  
The next thing I knew I was stuck in Taegu.

Chorus: Kuni-ri and Antung, and wild wild Pyong-yang  
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane  
Quad fifties and forties and one hundred sorties  
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane

We go down to briefing while it is still night  
We lift off the runway before it is light  
We form in the gloom and we're off on our way  
We're over the target before it is day.

We're up to the Yaly, there's cons overhead  
We think of the Wheels who are snug in their beds  
We drop our big tips and we break to the right  
"Josie" we cry with all of our might.

We steer on 280, we're up in the soup  
We swear that the leader is doing a loop  
Break out in the clear and set down on K-2  
Be careful or willie will write about you.

Oh the chosen is frozen and all wet with ice  
From thirty-five thousand she looks mighty nice  
Bus ask a foot soldier and he'll set you plumb straight  
It's covered with Reds blood imbeded with hate.

Oh the MIG is a blot on the whole human race  
A man is a monkey to give one a chase  
Here's my description, take warning dear brother  
There's fire on one end, but cannons on the other.

Went up to MIG alley, S-2 said "No sweat"  
If I hadn't looked 'round, I'd be up there yet  
Six MIG's jumped our ass, and the leader yelled "BREAK"  
Got back to K-10, how my knees they did shake.

If I fly a hundred and they ask for more  
I'll tell them to jam it, my ass is too sore  
They can ram it and jam it for all that I care  
Just give me a Wing Job, a desk and a chair.

I went on my mission to cut a rail track  
They said, "There's no sweat 'cause ther ain't any flak"  
But the guns from that place would make day out of night  
Oh god how I wish all I did was dog fight.

(Con't)

Oh it's up to the Yalu in my flying machine  
The Sui-Ho Reservoir is plainly seen  
But MIG's out of Antung send sweat down my back  
So I head towards Kanggye and get shot down by flak.

I grabbed those two handles and squeezed---what a sound  
A kick in the ass, soon I'm floating towards ground  
I shoed them by blood shit, they said, "No sweat Mac"  
They hand me an A frame, now I'm walking back.

## HUTCH'S BALLAD (Tune-Sure a Little Bit of Heaven)

71

Sure, our target it was bunkers  
Way out in the hills so grand  
Located in Korea, right next to no man's land  
Our fans now they were G.I.'s  
And they thought our Mustangs grand  
As we circled o'er the target  
Watching "Willie Peter" land

But our controller was neurotic  
Near the ground he wouldn't go  
We toggled off our babies  
And we watched them hit below  
He had placed his rockets wildly  
And he'd fouled the whole damn show  
But when we got the grading  
Sure it was Zero -- Zero

Sure, a little bit of airplane fell  
From out the sky one day  
It landed west of Pyongyang  
Not very far away  
Comet Red won't be coming back  
It made us very blue  
But we went on to our target  
And we dropped our babies true.

So we sprinkled it with fifties  
Just to keep their heads down low  
Then we hurried back to S-2  
To lie about our show  
When you read it in the papers  
All about the 18th's capers  
You will know it's propaganda  
For old Barcus, Bless his soul.

Now the Cuckoo is a strange bird  
 It sits on the grass  
 With its wings neatly folded  
 and its beak up its ass  
 From this strange position  
 It seldom does flit  
 For it's hard to say "Cuckoo"  
 With a beak full of -----Sweet Violets etc.

SAVE A FIGHTER PILOTS ASS  
 (Tune-Throw a nickel on the Drum)

73

It was midnight in Korea  
 All the pilots were in bed  
 When up stepped Colonel \_\_\_\_\_  
 And this is what he said.  
 "Pilots, gentle pilots, Pilots one and all  
 Pilots Gentle Pilots, come and save us all  
 When up stepped a young Lieutenant  
 With a voice as harsh as brass  
 You can take those God Damn Sabre Jets and shove them up your ass."

Cruising down the Yalu, doing six-twenty per  
 I called to my flight leader, "Oh won't you save me sir  
 Got three big flak holes in my wings, my tanks ain't got no gas  
 Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, got six MIG's on my ass."

Chorus: Oh Halleluia, Oh Halleluia, Throw a nickel on the grass  
 Save fighter pilots ass  
 Oh Halleluia, Oh Halleluia, Throw a nickel on the grass  
 And you'll be saved

I shot my traffic pattern, to me it looked all right  
 Turnin' base to final, my God I racked it tight  
 The airframe gave a shudder, the engine gave a wheeze  
 Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, spin instructions please.

Fould up my crosswind landing, the left wing hit the ground  
 I got a call from mobile, "pull up and go around"  
 I racked that Sabre in the air a dozen feet or more  
 The engine quit, I almost shit, the gear came through the floor.

Split S onto my bomb run, I got too God Damn low  
 I pressed the bloody button, Let both my babies go  
 I sucked the stick back in my gut, I hit a high speed stall  
 Now I won't see my mother when the works all done this fall

They sent me up to Than Hoah, the brief said "No ack ack"  
 But by the time I got there, my wings were holed by flak  
 My aircraft won't into a spin, it would no longer fly  
 Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, I am too young to die

(Con't)



I bailed out from my Phantom, my landing was top line  
With my E and E equipment, I made for our front line  
When I opened up my ration tin, to see what was in it  
My God Damn P.E. Section, had filled the thing with shit.

Now in this Commie prison camp, I am obliged to sit  
For one cannot go very far, on a ration tin of shit  
If I am ever free again, I will no longer fly  
But I'll have P.E. bollix, for breakfast till I die.

Oh, while rolling down the runway, and headed for the ditch  
I looked down at my prop, My God it's in high pitch  
I pulled back on the stick, and rose into the air  
Glory, Glory Halleluia, How did I get there.

The boys up from the other group, they think they are so hot  
They brag about the "Blue-tails", that they've so often shot  
One thing they don't remember, when e're they holler and hoot  
Is to look into their mirror, just before they shoot.

I hear we're leaving the Philippines they say we're going home  
They tell us no more wandering, never more we'll roam  
But the Colonels up at Langley, are planning on the sly  
Just where they're gonna send us, on our next TDY.

I started on my takeoff, I thought the flaps were down  
But when I pulled the gear up, the dive brake scraped the ground  
The General he smiled at me, he thought it was great fun  
But then I met the FEB, and Saigon here I come.

We flew our Sabres through the war, we flew them far and fast  
But when the war was over, we knew it couldn't last  
They sent our old instructors, to teach us all their tricks  
So now we're flying training, behind those dirty pricks.

Letting down frm forty-four, busting through mach  
That Phantom sure was moving now, falling like a rock  
My nose was aimed right at the field, there was an awful sound  
Since we're flying training now, I'm sitting on the ground.

I started up in a loop, I thought that I was clear  
I pulled up under Colonel Blood, I thought the end was near  
I went before the F.E.B., and they gave me the works  
Glory, Glory Halleluia, what a bunch of jerks.

Rolling down the runway at ninety eight percent,  
The colonel cut his throttle, my God I was hell-bent.  
I pulled off to the left and bounced in the boondocks,  
Glory, Glory, Hallelyja, what a bunch of rocks.

(Con't)

I threw my throttle forward, up to a hundred one,  
I bounced back off the runway lights after the damage's done,  
I pulled back on the stick and ricocheted some morom  
Glory, Glory, what a "goat" even at full bore.

I then pulled up my gear; the cockpit filled with smoke,  
My wingman passed me by, My God, it was no joke,  
Then he looked over at me and saw a great long tear.  
Glory, Glory, Halleluja, how did I got there?

I then came in for landing just after it started to rain,  
And there sat Flying Safety with a godam ball and chain.  
I went before the board; they gave me the works.  
Glory, Glory, Halleluja, what a bunch of jerks.

Now we've gone all weather; it's missiles all the way  
Night or muck we interlept, we seldom get to play  
We've gone from guns to missiles, radar that weighs ten tons,  
But my friend, we'll wac your ass the way we've always done!

PUSAN U

74

We were roaming round the country side, 'Twas down near Pusan bay  
We stepped into a local bar  
To pass the time away  
I met a gal from old Chin Ju  
She was a sight to view  
I asked her where she came from  
and she said, "Pusan U."

Chorus: Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U  
The finest school in all the land  
The University that's grand  
Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U  
I hail my Alama Mater  
Oh Pusan, to you

I enrolled in that great college  
Founded by Kim Pac Su  
'Twas built of honey buckets  
So they called it Pusan U  
The smell it was terrific  
But fortune saw me through  
So now I lift this glass  
to the school of Pusan U

Chorus: Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U  
Your course is good for engineers  
A-frames, ox carts pulled by steers  
Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U  
I hail my Alma Mater  
Oh Pusan, to you

(Con't)

I saw a girl most beautiful  
 She was a sight to view  
 She won a beauty contest  
 She was crowned Miss Pusan U  
 They spotted her in Hollywood  
 Now she's star there too  
 When asked to what she owes her fame, She says, "Oh Pusan U."

REPEAT FIRST CHORUS:

We have an A-1 baseball team  
 We win our games straight through  
 They ask us where we come from  
 And we say, Pusan U.  
 We have a pitcher who is tops  
 Our batters are good too  
 And very time we come to bat  
 The crowd yells, "Pusan U."

REPEAT SECOND CHORUS:

STRAFIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN

75

(Tune - She'll be Comin Round the Mountain)

Now listen all you airmen young and old  
 To the tale of Fighter Pilots young and bold  
 With their fighters painted yellow  
 Leaping off to contact Mellow  
 In the crisp Korean air so blue and cold.

It was dive bomb old Sinuiju, stop the Reds  
 Eight one thousand pounders loader, instand heads  
 Four birds lined up on the runway  
 Wish I'd gone to church on Sunday  
 Hope we catch those lousy Commies in their beds

Twenty thousand over Pyongyang on Northwest  
 Gas Mask flight about to face the acid test  
 Till at last the Yalu River  
 Which makes my liver quiver  
 With flak guns lined up twenty-four abreast.

Dusty clouds roll up from Antung cross the way  
 Twenty swept wing Chinese War birds out to play  
 Thirty-sevens, twenty-threes  
 All lit up like Christmas trees  
 Tip tanks salvoed off we leap into the fray.

Kimpo tower clear the pattern in great haste  
 Twenty victory roll our pilots do with grace  
 It was thrilling, it was hairy  
 Near that priviledged sanctuary  
 Syngman Rhee will soon be president of this place.

(Con't)

# STRAFIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN

(Con't)

Kimpo tower this is Gas Mask Willie Four  
I am heading hime, I'm through with this damn war  
Cause they're sending back to Moscow for some more

## A NAVY PRAYER

76

Our father, who art in Washington  
Truman is thy name  
The Navy's done  
the Air Force won  
On the Atlantic, as in the Pacific  
Give us this day, our appropriations  
And forgive us our accusations  
As we forgive our accusers  
Lead us not into temptation  
But deliver us from Matthew and Johnson  
For thine is the power  
the B-36 and the Air Force  
Forever and ever.      Airmen

## BALL AT KERRIE MUIR

77

Prelude: There was a ball a bloody great ball, the ball of Kerrie Muir  
Four and twent prostitutes shaggin on the moor

Oh the King was in his counting house, counting out his wealth.  
The Queen was in the bed room, playing with herself.

Chorus: Singing I'll do ye this time, I'll dee it noo  
The mon that did it last night, could na do it noo

Oh the bride was in the bedroom, explaining to the groom  
The vagina not the rectum, is the entrance to the womb

Oh the parsons wife she was ther, seated down in front  
A wreath of rosses around her neck, a carrot up her cunt.

Oh the village parson he was there, and very surprised to see  
Four and twenty maidenheads hanging from a tree.

Oh the parsons daughter she was ther, she had them all in fits  
Diving off the mantlepiece, and landing on her tits.

They were fucking in the haylofts, fucking in the ricks  
You could na hear the music for the slushing of the pricks

They were fucking in the barley, fucking in the oats  
Some were fucking sheep and some were fucking goats

Oh the village blacksmith, he was there, his hammer and his awls  
Talking to the queen and showing off his balls

(Con't)

They were fucking in the parlors, fucking on the stairs  
You could not see the carpers for the come and curly hairs

The village idiot he was there, a making like a fool  
Pulling his foreskin over his head and whistling through his tool.

Plowman Jack he was there, the bugger would na dance  
Sitting with a hard on, and waiting for his chance.

The fierey Colonel he was ther, he'd fit amongst the Boers  
He jumped upon the table and shouted for the whores

The village cripple he was ther, he couldna do very much  
So he laid them on the carpet, and he fucked them with is crutch

The chimneysweep and he was the there, we had to put him oot  
For every time he farted, he filled the room with soot

The village postman he was there, he had a dose of pox  
He couldna fuck his lassie so he fucked the letter box

And when the ball was over, and the folks went home to rest  
They said they enjoyed the music, but the fucking was the best.

THE Village smithy he was there, he wouldn't play the game  
He frigged a laaie fourteen times, before he finally came

Twass the gathering of the clan, And all the lads were there  
A grabbin' all the lassies and friggin' without a care.

## THE PERSIAN KITTY

78

The persian kitten perfumed and fair  
Stepped out in the garden to get some air  
A tom cat lanky, lean, and long  
Dirty and yellow came along  
He sniffed at the perfumed persian cat  
As she walked by with much eclat  
Thinking of a little time to pass  
Whispered, "Kitten, you sure got class"  
Now fitting and proper the kitten replied  
As she arched one whisker over her eye  
"I've been raised on lillows of silk,  
Never drank nothing but certified milk"  
Oh I should be happy with all that I got  
I should be happy, but happy I am not  
I should be happy, happy indeed.  
For you see I'm highly pedigreed"  
Cheer up said the tom cat with a smile  
Just trust your new found friend for awhile  
You don't have to leave your own back fence  
For kitten all you need is experience  
Tales of joy he then unfurled

(Con't)

As he told her the story of the ourside world  
 Then suggested with a luried laugh  
 That they take a little trip down the primrose path  
 Morning after the night before  
 When the kitten returned at the hour of four  
 The innocent look on her eye had went  
 And the smile on her face was the smile of content  
 Months later when the came  
 To vie those kittens of edigreed fame  
 They weren't persian, they were black and tan  
 And she told 'em that their father was a travelin' man  
 A rack em up, shack em up travelin' man.

TATOOED LADY  
 (Tune-My Indiana Home)

79

I married me a tatooed lady  
 To roam around her body was a treat  
 And every night before retireing  
 I'd pull the covers back and take a peek  
 Around her waist was Pennsylvania, and on her hip was Tennessee  
 And tatooed on her hack was dear old Hackensack  
 From the state of New Jersey  
 Now on her chest was West Virginia  
 Through those hills I loved to roam  
 But when I saw the moonlight shining on the wabash  
 Then I recognized my Indiana home.

I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE NAVY

80

Monday I touched her on the ankle  
 Tuesday I touched her on the knee  
 Wednesday with success, I hoisted up her dress  
 And Thursday her chemise, Gor Blimey  
 Friday I put my hand upon it  
 Saturday night she gave me balls a tweak  
 And Sunday after supper, I rammed the old boy up her  
 And now she brings me seven bob a week, Gor Blimey

Chorus: I don't want to join the Navy  
 I don't want to go to war  
 I just want to hang around  
 Picadilly undergorund  
 Living off the earnings of a high born lady  
 Don't want a bullet up my arse hole  
 Don't want me buttocks shot away  
 I just want to live in England  
 In Jolly Jolly England  
 And fornicate me bloody life away

Call out the army and the Navy  
 Call out the rank and file  
 Call out the royal territorials

(con't)

They face danger with a smile  
Call out the boys of the old brigade  
That made old England free  
You can call out me Mother  
Me sister and me Brother  
But for God's sake don't call me, Gor Blimey.

## TAEGU GIRLS

81

We are from Taegu, Taegu are we  
We don't believe in virginity --- Oh horse-shit  
We don't use candles we use broom handles  
We are the Taegu girls

And every night at twelve on the clock  
We we watch the white man piss on the ROK  
We like the way he handles his cock  
We are the Taegu girls.

And every year at our annual dance  
We go around without any pants  
We like to give those pilots a chance  
We are the Taegu, talk about your Taegu, We are the taegu girls.

## POOR LITTLE ANGELINE

82

She was sweet sixteen, she was the village queen  
Pur and innocent was Angeline  
She never had a thrill, was a virgin still  
Poor little Angeline.

Now at the village fair, the Squire was there  
Masturbating on the village square  
When he chanced to see, the dainty little knee  
Of poor little Angeline.

So he raised his hat, and he said your cat  
Has been ridden o'er and smashed quite flat  
But it isn't far, and I've got my car  
Poor little Angeline.

Now they hadn't gone far, when he stopped the car  
And dragged her into the nearest bar  
Where he filled her with gin, to tempt her to sin  
Poor little Angeline.

When he'd filled her quite well, he dragged her to a dell  
Where he attempted to give her hell  
By trying his luck, at a low down fuck  
With poor little Angeline

(Con't)

POOR LITTLE ANGELINE

(Con't)

With a cry of rape, he raised her cape  
Poor little girlie there was no escape  
Unless someone came, to save the name  
Of poor little Angeline.

Now the blacksmith bold, had a heart of gold  
He'd been her lover for years untold  
And he promised to be true, and faithful too  
Poor little Angeline.

But sad to say, on that very same day  
He'd been sent to jail and there to stay  
For coming in his pants at the local dance  
With poor little Angeline

Now the window of his cell, overlooked the dell  
Wherein the squire was giving her hell  
As they lay on the grass, he recognized the ass  
Of poor little Angeline.

So with a mighty start, and a hearty fart  
He blew the prison bars wide apart  
And he ran like shit, lest the squire should split  
Poor little Angeline.

When he got to the spot, and saw what was what  
He tied the villain's penis in a knot  
As he lay upon his guts, he got a kick in the nuts  
From poor little Angeline.

Oh blacksmith bold, I love you true,  
And from your trousers I can tell you love me too  
And as I'm all undressed you had better do the rest  
Said poor little Angeline.

Now it won't be wrong to end this song  
For the blacksmith's penis was one foot long  
And this flailing charm was thicker than your arm  
Lucky little Angeline.

THE RIVER RAN RED  
(Tune- Titanic)

83

Number one was having fun, number two got quite a few  
Number four got some more as he said  
"Oh the river ran red with blood of the dead  
As we came around and tried to get some more".

The road was full of ruts, and the ruts were full of guts  
Little children sucking tits had them shot right from their mits  
Oh the river ran red with blood of the dead  
As we came around and tried to get some more

(Con't)



There was a women in the crowd, little children cried aloud  
 But they all carried guns for the foe  
 There were some who turned around, when they heard that awful sound  
 As we came around and tried to get some more.

Oh it seemed an awful crime, as we shot them in their prime  
 But they got number three don't you see  
 Yes they shot him down with flak, and they broke is bloody back  
 As we came around and tried to get some more.

Number one was having fun, number two got quite a few  
 Number four got some more as he said  
 "Oh the river ran red with blood of the dead  
 As we came around and tried to get some more.

## STRAFERS

84

When I was a cadet, an innocent lad  
 The Chaplin told me the good from the bad  
 And of all his words, these were his last  
 Never fly high and never fly fast.

So I joined up the strafers with these words in mind  
 And off to New Guinea did go  
 But when I got there I was to find  
 The strafers fly too gosh darn low....Oh.

We fly o'er the treetops with inches to spare  
 There's smoke in the cockpit and grey in our hair  
 The tracers look fine as strafing we go  
 But brother you're flying just too gosh darn low.

## MIG 15

85

(Tune- I t'ought I taw a Puttycat)

I t'ought I taw a MIG-15, a tweeping up on me  
 I did, I did, I taw him, As big as he could be.

I am that great big MIG-15, Ivan is my name  
 And If I catch that '84, I'll shoot him down in flame.

## OLD SOLDIERS NEVER DIE

86

Then up and spoke a sailors wife  
 And she was dressed in green  
 And in one corner of her funny little thing  
 She had a submarine  
 She had a submarine my boys  
 With conning tower complete  
 And in the other corner she had half the fucking fleet. (Con't)

Chorus: She had those dark and dreamy eyes  
With a whiz bang up he nighty  
Singing Hi Jack, come and have a skin back  
Come and have a bang at Liza, singing  
Old soldiers never die, they just smell that way.

Then up and spoke the gunners wife  
And she was full of fun  
And in one corner other funny little thing  
She had a vickers gun  
She had a vickers gun my boys  
With the breech block and the sear  
And in the other corner she had provisions for a year

Then up and spoke the pilots wife  
And she was chewing gum  
And in one corner of her funny little thing  
She had a fifty-one  
She had fifty-one my boys  
Two napalms and six guns  
And in the other corner she had rockets by the tons

They up and spoke the skippers wife  
She was dressed in black  
And in one corner of her funny little thing  
She had a fishing smack  
She had a fishing smack my boys  
The carlocks and the oars  
And in the other corner she had bags and bags of sores.

Then up and spoke the jockey's wife  
And she was dressed in red  
And in one corner of her funny little thing  
She had a horses head  
She had a horses head my boys  
The bridle and the bit  
And in the other corner she had bags and bags of shit.

Then up and spoke the brewers wife  
And she was dressed in grey  
And in one corner of her funny little thing  
She had a brewers dray  
She had a brewers dray my boys  
The barrels and the beer  
And in the other corner she had syph and ghonnorhea.

ON TOP OF OLD PYONGYANG  
(Tune- On Top of Old Smokey)

87

On top of old Pyongyang, all covered with flak  
I lost my poor wingman, he'll never come back  
For flying is pleasure, and dying is grief  
And a quick triggered commie, is worse than a thief

(Con't)

For a thief will just rob you, and take all you save  
 But the quick triggered commie, will send you to the grave  
 And the grave will destroy you, and turn you to dust  
 Not one MIG in a thousand, A Sabre Jet can trust.

Now when the bad weather, keeps the ships down  
 All day we can hear, this horrible sound  
 Attention all pilots, now listen to this  
 There'll be a short meeting, That you dare not miss.

They'll give us some lectures, then give us some more  
 But we have all heard them, twenty-five times or more  
 Now listen you trainees, you can't fight the group  
 Whatever they tell you, is superfluous poop.

## ON TOP OF OLD FUJI

88

On top of old Fuji, all covered with snow  
 I lost my jet pilot, from flying too low  
 He put on an air show, he did it for me  
 On top of Mt Fuji, he clobbered a tree  
 With throttle wide open, he made his last pass  
 At altitude zero, he busted his ass.

RED NOSE MIGS  
(Tune- Shrimp Boats)

89

Oh the red nose MIG's are comin'  
 Not a Sabre in sight  
 Oh the red nose MIG's are comin'  
 And they want to fight

Let's hurry, hurry, hurry home  
 Oh won't you hurry, hurry, hurry home  
 Oh the red nose MIG's are comin'  
 Not a sabre in sight.

## THE CAMEL

90

The sexual life of a camel  
 Is greater than anyone thinks  
 In moments of amorous passion  
 He often makes love to the sphinx.

Now the sphinx's posterier organs  
 Are blocked by the sands of the Nile  
 Which accounts for the hump on the camel  
 And the sphinx's inscrutable smile.

The crew they all ride in the dory  
 The captain he rides in the gig  
 It don't go a damn bit faster  
 But it makes the old bastard feel big

(Con't)

Chorus: Singing toraly toraly toraly a  
 Toraly toraly A  
 It don't go a damn bit faster  
 But it makes the old bastard fell big

Exhaustive experimentation  
 By Darwin and Huxley and Hall  
 Has proved that the ass of a hedgehog  
 Can hardly be buggered at all.

Oh why don't the boys down at Harvard  
 Do like the boys down at Yale  
 They pull all the quills from the hedgehog  
 So it's easy to grab by the tail.

Here's to the girls of North Adams  
 And here's to the streets that they roam  
 And here's to their dirty faced bastards  
 God bless them they may be our own.

Here's to old Fort Massachusetts  
 And here's to the old Mohawk trail  
 And here's to the Indian maidens  
 They gave us our first piece of tail.

## OLD BEER BOTTLES

91

It was only an old beer bottle  
 Floating on the foam  
 It was only an old beer bottle  
 Ten thousand miles from home  
 Inside was a piece of paper  
 With these words written on  
 Whoever finds this bottle  
 Will find the beer all gone.

## CATS ON THE ROOF TOP

92

The hippopotamus so it seems, seldom if ever has wet dreams  
 But when he does, he comes in streams  
 As we revel in the joys of copulation.

Chorus: Cats on the roof tops, cats on the tiles  
 Cats with the syphilis, cats with the piles  
 Cats with their ass holes wreathed in smiles  
 As we revel in the joys of copulation.

Down in the Pampas, down in the grass, mama armadillo has an iron  
 bound ass  
 But papa armadillo has a prick of brass  
 As we revel in the joys of copulation

(Con't)

Way down south where the alligators roar  
 There isn't such a thing as an alligator whore  
 Cause all the alligators are too sore  
 As we revel in the joys of copulation.

Oh the elephant is a funny old block  
 Who very seldom gets his poke  
 But when he does he dips it quick  
 As we revel in the joys of copulation.

\_\_\_\_\_ is a friend of mine  
 His dub he very seldom pounds  
 But when he does the halls resound  
 As we revel in the joys of copulation.

## POOR BUT HONEST

93

Oh she was poor but she was honest  
 The victim of a rich mans whim  
 When she met that christian gentleman Big Jim Folsom  
 And she had a child by him

It's the rich what gets the glory  
 It's the poor what gets the blame  
 It's the same the whole world over - over over  
 It's a low down dirty shame

Now he sits in the Legistlature  
 Making laws for all mankind  
 While she walks the streets of Dotham Alabama  
 Selling chunks of her behind

Oh the moral of this story  
 Is to never take a ride  
 With Alabama's Christian Gentleman Big Jim Folsom  
 And you'll be a virgin bride.

PIPER LAURIE

94

Salvation Army, Salvation Army  
 Standing on the corner in the night, night, night  
 Beating on your drum with your finger up your bung  
 Singing mama hold my pee-pee while I pee.

Sergeant Major, Sergeant Major  
 Standing in your uniform so bright bright bright  
 Saluting with your hand with your bollix in the sand  
 Singing Corporal hold my pee-pee while I pee.

Naughty Baby, Naughty Baby  
 Keeping all the neighbors up at night, night, night  
 Standing on your head in the middle of the bed  
 Singing mama hold my pee-pee while I pee

(Con't)

General Barcus, General Barcus  
 Looking at your stars so big and bright, bright, bright  
 Coming down the hill singing Colonel have a thrill  
 Singing Colonel hold my pee-pee while I pee.

Piper Laurie, Piper Laurie  
 Having skoshie chop-chop at the club, club, club  
 As I gaze into your eyes and by pee-pee starts to rise  
 Singing Piper hold my pee-pee while I pee.

## ACE IN THE HOLE

95

Oh the world is full of guys, who think they're mighty wise  
 Just because they know a thing or two  
 You can see them night a day strolling up and down Broadway  
 Telling of the wonders they can do  
 There are wise guys and boozers  
 Con men and crap shooters, they congregated around the metropole  
 Wearing fancy ties and collars, where do they get those dollars  
 They all have that ace down in the hole.

Some of them write to the old folks for coins,  
 That's their old ace in the hole  
 Others have girls on the old tender-loin  
 That's their old ace in the hole  
 They'll tell you of places that they're going to see  
 From Frisco to the old north pole  
 But their name would be mud, like a chump playing stud  
 If they lost that old ace in the hole.

## THE MISSION

(Tune- The Thing)

96

I looked upon the schedule and was as happy as a king  
 For once I had a mission when I wasn't flying wing  
 I went down to the briefing room and my tiger blood went ping  
 For there sat Major Nichols and they had me on his wing  
 For there sat Major Nichols and they had me on his wing.

The mission was all briefed to go at quarter after nine  
 Big Dog had given us all the poop, the weather it was fine  
 "One word of advice" he said to us, "Though I hate to spoil your fun  
 Stay out from in front of the MIG-15 it's got too big a gun  
 Stay out from in front of the MIG-15, it's got too big a gun.

We were augerin' around away up there as watchful as could be  
 Reichman said, "Take a look at six and see what you can see."  
 I took a look at six o'clock and much to my surprise  
 I discovered a MIG-15, right before my eyes  
 I discovered a MIG-15, right before my eyes.

(Con't)

The cannon balls were flying around as thick as they could be  
 I took one look and said, says I, this ain't the place for me  
 I rolled it over and sucked it through and took it down below  
 Sayin' get out of here with that BOOM BOOM BOOM and don't come back  
 no more  
 Sayin' get out of here with that BOOM BOOM BOOM and don't come back  
 no more.

I shoved the throttle to the wall a runnin' for my life  
 Skelton said, "Come back you coward and join into the strife."  
 "Your ass," said I with quaking voice, "This ain't no place for me."  
 So I racked it up and pulled it around and took it out to sea  
 So I racked it up and pulled it around and took it out to sea.

I rolled it out of that six G turn out o'er the briny deep  
 That MIG could not have followed me cause I sure racked it steep  
 But when I looked back, Oh there he sat, as fat as he could be  
 And he was shooting those cannon balls, and they were coming right  
 at me.  
 And he was shooting those cannon balls, and they were coming right  
 at me.

I took hit upon the wing, another in the tail  
 The way that Sabre was lurchin' around I'd surely have to bail  
 I braced myself and said a prayer and pulled the handle red  
 Oh, if I hadn't gotten out of the flaming wreck, I surely wound up dead  
 Oh, if I hadn't gotten out of the flaming wreck, I surely wound up dead.

The moral of this story is, if you're up in a fight  
 And you've got a MIG at six o'clock, and he's all tucked in tight  
 Don't ever roll out or pull it up, that's my advice to you  
 Cause you'll never get rid of the Son of a Bitch, no matter what you do  
 Cause you'll never get rid of the Son of a Bitch, no matter what you do.

SPOT PROMOTION  
 (Tune- Cold Cold Heart)

97

I've tried, so hard my friend, to think  
 That rank was worth a lot  
 But now you've gone and got yourself  
 Promoted to a spot  
 Your job is one that could be done  
 By any PFC  
 How can I get your ass shipped out  
 And get that spot for me.

You'll be a full fird soon, my friend  
 Of that I have no doubt  
 The T/O's being changed right now  
 They ripped it inside out  
 Lieutenant General, Wing CO  
 The staff all gets one star  
 At least we'll have some rank around  
 To help us fight the war.

(Con't)

SPOT PROMOTION  
(Tune-Cold Cold Heart)

(Con't)

Another week or two in grade  
We'll put you in again  
You needn't wait to learn your job  
That's for enlisted men  
The only thing I envy is  
The talent that you got  
How can I get your ass shipped out  
And get your open spot.

AIN'T IT A BLOODY SHAME  
(Tune-Poor but Honest)

98

We were fat back in the Truman's  
Drink beer, and sometimes wine  
When they said, "You're going over  
To Korea's fighting line."

We were young and we were eager  
To get one hundred and go home  
But they slipped the finger to us  
And left us here - far o'er the foam

Now they sit in FEAF Headquarters  
Mking rules so much unkind  
It's the same the whole world over  
Isn't it a bloody shame

Shed a tear when you think of us  
Sitting here on old K-2  
While you sleep with all our sweethearts  
As we fly the old Yalu.

EARLY ABORT  
(Tune-MacMamara's Band)

99

Oh, my name is Colonel \_\_\_\_\_, I'm the leader of the group  
Just step into my briefing room, I'll give you all the poop  
I'll tell you where the Commie is, and where the flak is black  
I'll be the last one off the deck, I'll be the first one back.

Chorus: Early abort, avoid the rush, early abort, avoid the rush  
Early abort, avoid the rush  
Oh my name is Colonel \_\_\_\_\_, I'm the leader of the group.

My name is Magor \_\_\_\_\_ and I lead old liberty  
An if I go on rail cuts, my boys will follow me  
But if you say Pyong-Yang, I'll tell you what I'll do  
Get into your plane and go ahead, and I'll wait here for you

I'm sure you've heard of nightmares, and the things they do  
But if you'll come down to the line, you'll see they're far from true  
The pilots they are ready, but let the skipper shout, (con't)



EARLY ABORT  
(Tune-MacMamara's Band)

(Cont')

And all those bastards yell at once, "My mags they won't check out!"

And they I'm sure you know of the leaders in the wing  
Any night in the O Club you can hear how well they sing  
With words they fight a hell of a war, they say they wanta go too  
But just you give them half a chance, and here's what they will do.

Oh I fly the old Invader, and Douglas says it's great  
But when it comes to fighting MIG's, those bastards don't rate  
I was born to be a fighter, to grapple in the blue  
But when it comes to fighting MIG's I'll tell you what I'll do

Now we'll all line up and take off, and set our course at ten  
And when we reach the no return, we'll all turn back again  
We'll call the tower and get a steer, we don't know where we've been  
Drop your tanks and canopies, peel off and belling in.

Oh we fly those bloody Sabres at a hundred bloody feet  
We can fly then in the rain and fog, and in the bloody sleet  
We think we're flying bloody south, instead we're bloody north  
And we make our bloody landfall at the Firth and bloody Forth.

O we fly those bloody Sabres at a hundred bloody feet  
We can fly then in the rain and fog, and the bloody sleet  
And when we're flying bloody high, we're flying bloody low  
And we hit the marker beacon such an awful bloody blow.

Now when this war is over and we're back in the U. S. A.  
We'll fly the planes in all war games, and do what the Generals say  
But if we have another war and they give us the "86"  
To hell with all the gene staffs, we won't get in that fix.

THE FAIRCHILD ABORTION  
(Tune-Strawberry Roan)

100

Out on the flight line one cold Sunday morn  
Sat the Fairchild Abortion all battered and torn  
The wings were sagging, the tires were flat  
The form one had a red line, I'll bet you on that

We fired up both engines with mixtures full rich  
And took to the runway with that son of a bitch  
We punched on the power, she farted and stalled  
And got off the runway, no airspeed at all.

We called to the tower, "Single Engine," we say  
"What the hell," said the tower, "We got them all day"  
"Go around," said the tower, "We can't let you land"  
We got Gooks on the runway dragging off sand.

We milked up the flaps, and rolled in the trim  
Over the tree tops that old wreck she did skim  
We turned on final and free fell the gear

(Cont')

THE FAIRCHILD ABORTION  
(Tune-Strawberry Roan)

(con't)

The engineer murmured, "Please have no fear".

The pilot was scared, the Co-pilot too  
The engineer had all he could do  
The runway was coming and coming up fast  
On third of the runway had already passed

We pulled off power and she settled in fast  
That one-twenty-three had landed at alst.

BLACKBIRDS  
(Tune-Bye Bye Blackbird)

101

Here we stand on the ground  
We won't take off till the sun goes down  
We fly blackbirds  
Go in low and come out fast  
Keep those fighters off our ass  
We fly Blackbirds.

No one here can ever understand us  
You should here the malarky they hand us  
Mix those drinks and mix em right  
Because we're standing down tonight  
Blackbirds we fly.

DIRTY LIL

102

Dirty Lil, Dirty Lil  
Lives on top of garbage hill  
Never took a bath  
Never will  
Ach! Ptui! Dirty Lil.

KATHUSELEM

103

In ancient days there lived a maid  
Who used to ply a filthy trade  
A prostitute of ill repute  
The harlot of Jeruselem

Chorus: Hi Ho Kathuselem the harlot of Jeruselem  
Hi Ho Kathuselem the daughter of the Rabbi

Kathuselem's snatch was bold and bare  
Upon her gash there grew no hair  
For hair won't grow on the thorofare  
Like the snatch of old Kathuselem.

(Cont')

Kathuselems' cunt was round and red  
For forty years it had not bled  
It smelled as though it had been dead  
Since the founding of Jeruselem.

No Kathuselem was a wiley witch  
A god damn fucking son of a bitch  
And every pecker that had the itch  
Had dangled in Kathuselem.

Next door there lived a giant tall  
His prick of steel could smash a wall  
His balls hung down like basketballs  
The giant of old Jeruselem.

One night retuning from a spree  
A quite consistant jubilee  
His balls hung well below his knees  
He chanced Across Kathuselem

And so he challenged her to fuck  
And wishing her the best of luck  
He led her to a shady nook  
And there unfurled his mighty hook

He led her to a shady nook  
And there unfurled his mighty hook  
For forty yards it throbbed and shook  
The walls of old Jeruselem

This giant of old was underslung  
He missed her cunt and hit her bung  
And with his giant pecker stung  
The pride of all Jeruselem.

Kathuselem she knew her art  
She cocked her ass and blew a part  
She blew him like a bloody dart  
Through the walls of old Jeruselem.

And there he lay a broken mass  
His cock all bent with shit and gas  
Kathuselem got up and wiped her ass  
On the walls of old Jerluselem.

SEOUL CITY SUE  
(Tune-Sioux City Sue)

104

I drove a herd of oxen down  
Till I reached old Bong Chong Way  
And there I met a gook girl  
Who said she'd like to play  
Her clothes were of a dirty blue  
Her hands and feet were too

SEOUL CITY SUE  
(Tune-Sioux City Sue)

(Con't)

I asked her what her name was  
She said, "Seoul City Sue."

Chorus: Seoul City Sue, Seoul City Sue  
Your hair is black, your eyes are too  
I'd swap my honey cart for you  
Seoul City Sue, Seoul City Sue  
No one smells of Kimchie  
Like my sweet Seoul City Sue

Oh, Korea, I must admit  
I owe a lot to you  
I came here from America  
To find Seoul City Sue  
Someday I'll take her back with me  
And by her perfumes too  
So people can't be singing  
"Here comes Seoul City Sue."

LOOK AT THE EARS ON HIM

105

I heard they wanted men to fight as aviators hold  
So I went down, Held up my hand, and this is what they told  
"You'll go to Kelly Field and learn to navigate the sky"  
When I got there I was SOL for this is how I fly.

Chorus: Look at the ears on him, on him  
Oh! How do you get that way?  
That was the greeting I received as I marched in today  
First they put me into the kitchen, KP was my name  
I wrote my girl that I was a flier  
Gee! but I'm a wonderful liar  
Look at the ears on him, on him  
Oh! How do you get that way?  
That is the only battle cry I hear both night and day  
If I'm to fight in this great war and end the Kaisers' reign  
They'd better take up me kettles and pans  
And give me an aeroplane.

I've peeled a million spuds since I've been in this flying game  
I've swung a pick and shovel, till my weary back is lame  
I've navigated lots of ground but not an inch of sky  
And when I ask about aeroplanes, I rear the same old cry.

FIGHTER PILOTS  
(Tune: Sammy Small)

106

Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell  
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell  
Oh the place is full of queers, navigators, bombardiers  
But there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

(Con't)

FIGHTER PILOTS  
(Tune: Sammy Small)

(Con't)

Oh there are no fighter pilost in the states  
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states  
They are off on foreign shores making mothers out of whores  
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states.

Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan  
Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan  
They are all across the bay, getting shot at every day  
Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan.

Oh there are no bomber pilots in the fray  
Oh there are no bomber pilots in the fray  
They are all in USO's wearing ribbons, fancy clothes  
Oh there are no bomber pilots in the fray.

Oh the bomber pilots's life is just a farce  
Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce  
The automatic pilot's on he's reading novels in the john  
Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce.

Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare  
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare  
His gyros are uncaged, and his women overaged  
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare.

Oh rhwew are no fighter pilots up in wing  
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing  
The place is full of brass, sitting round on their fat ass  
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing.

Oh it's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice  
If you ever do it once you'll do it twice  
It'll wreck your reputation, but increase the population  
Oh it's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice.

When a bomber jockey walks into our club  
When a bomber jockey walks into our club  
He don't drink his share of suds, all he does is flub his dub  
OH THERE IS NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL.

TOAST TO THE BLUE ANGELS  
(Tune-This Old House)

107

This ole team gonna need revision  
This ole team gonna need a crew  
This ole team has thrived on gimmicks  
Have you seen our pink and blue  
This ole team has frosty tailpipes  
This ole team has lost its charm  
And the captain said the other day  
My boys, you've bought the farm.

(Con't)

TOAST TO THE BLUE ANGELS  
(Tune-This Old House)

(Con't)

Ain't gonna need this team no longer  
Ain't gonna need this team no more  
Ain't got time to learn the diamond  
Ain't got time to learn the score  
Ain't got nerve to do a bomb burst  
Or a plane to do the roll  
And were looking for the PIO  
Who got us in the hole.

This ole team can't fly in weather  
This ole team can't fly in rain  
This ole team is out of pints of blue  
We're called old yellow stain  
This ole team is getting lonesome  
This ole team has gone astray  
And we're just five angel puddy cats  
Awaitin' judgement day.

Ain't gonna need this team no longer  
Ain't gonna need this team no more  
Ain't got time to be a tiger  
Ain't got time to give a roar  
Ain't got planes that hold together  
Or that G-suit underwear  
But we've got our pretty flying suits  
So we don't really care.

TACHIKAWA, YOKOHAMA, ITAZUKE  
(Tune-Hawaiian War Chant)

108

Tachikawa, Yokohama, Itazuke  
Tachikawa, Yokohama, Itazuke  
Tachikawa -- Yokohama -- Itazuke is the place

Ah, So, (Tachikawa); ah, so (Yokohama)  
Ah, So, (Itazuke); Ah, So, KIMPO

Frozen Chosen is the place for you my boy  
Frozen Chosen is the place for you my boy  
Frozen Chosen, Frozen Chosen, Frozen Chosen is the place.

Ah, So (Frozen Chosen); Ah So, (Frozen Chosen)

A BOMBER FLIES 10,000 MILES  
(Tune-Sing us Another One)

109

Our bomber flies ten thousand miles  
Our bomber flies ten thousand miles  
But a bomb like a cherry  
Is all our bomber flies ten thousand miles

(Con't)

A BOMBER FLIES 10,000 MILES  
(Tune- Sing us Another One)

(Con't)

Chorus: Steady boys, steady boys  
Here comes another lie.

Said pilot to bomber, how slick  
Finging this target's no trick  
But my God how strange  
We're fresh out of range  
Strap on my parachute quick

The Air Force sure has the life  
Wine, women and song is the plan  
There's medals by baskets  
In the M-G-M starlet command

F-80's are certainly keen  
If to daring your tendencies lean  
But we want it said  
We'd not be caught dead  
In such an infernal machine

With our bombers the world will be shocked  
At three hundred miles they've been clocked  
But while dreaming up tricks  
With the B-36  
We've all had our heads up and locked.

The X-1 was cruising the blue  
The pilot felt something quite new  
Christ what a sensation  
Where's public relations  
The Legion of Merit will do

Our bomber goes ten thousand miles  
We claim it but only with smiles  
While crashing the barrier  
We pooh, pooh, the carrier  
That really goes ten thousand miles.

Oh we know what we're saving is true  
We got it directly from Stu  
We love the blue yonder  
But sometimes we wonder  
Just who's doing what and to who

So listen young men as we say  
Be careful of wings and flight pay  
There's no prohibitions  
On suicide missions  
So come join the Air Force today

ONCE THEY WERE HAPPY  
(Tune-Man on the Flying Trapeze)

110

Once they were happy, completely at ease  
They flew their F-80's like a swingin' trapeze  
They looped em, they rolled em, they bounced DC-3's  
But alas boys, their wings have been clipped.

One day they approached Itazuke  
Jet leader called echelon right  
Mustangs at nine o'clock level  
Let's see if 8th fighter will fight

The F-80's broke left and the Mustangs broke right  
I think they see us, says jet four in fright  
They're all pullin streamers says jet number three  
Let's go home, this is no place for me.

The jets headed home at a hundred percent  
In fact number four had the throttle stop bent  
Back to Misawa, to Misawa they went  
Never to bounce any more.

THE PRETTIEST SHIP

111

- (1) (Leader) The prettiest ship  
(All) The prettiest ship  
(Leader) Out on the line  
(All) Out on the line  
(Leader) The MIG-15  
(All) The MIG-15  
(Leader) Flies fast and fine  
(All) Flies fast and fine  
(Leader) The prettiest ship  
(All) The prettiest ship, out on the line  
The MIG-15 flies fast and fine.
- (2) When we go up and fly at noon  
The MIG-15's leap off the moon
- (3) Then they come down and pretty soon  
A pissed-off tiger lowers the boom
- (4) On all our planes we paint red stars  
For MIG-15's that land on Mars
- (5) We chase them up to forty-four  
That fox eight six ain't got much more
- (6) The throttle's set right ar full bore  
We'll never catch that little whore
- (7) Then they start home and Casey calls  
We're letting down no sweat at all
- (8) We're coming in with thirteen chicks  
Twelve MIG's one fox eight six
- (9) The moral of this story is clear  
When you start home just check your rear
- (10) Cause if you don't you're sure to find  
A MIG-15 tucked in behing.



"G" SUITS AND PARACHUTES  
(Tune-Bekk Bottom Trousers)

112

Once there was a barmaid, down in brewery lane  
Her master was so kind to her, her mistress was the same  
Along came a pilot, handsome as could be  
He was the cause of all her misery

Chorus: Singing "G" suits and parachutes  
And uniforms of blue  
He'll fly a fighter  
Like his daddy used to do.

He asked her for a pillow to rest his weary head  
She gave it to him willingly and lost her maidenhead  
And she like a silly girl, thinking it no harm  
Climed in bed beside him just to keep the pilot warm.

Now in the morning before the break of day  
A five pound note he handed her, and this to her did say  
"Take this my darling, for all the harm I've done  
For you may have a daughter and you may have a son  
If you have a daughter, put ribbons in her hair  
And if you have a son, get the bastard in the air."

Now the moral of moral of my story as you can plainly see  
Is never trust a pilot an inch above the knee  
The barmaid trusted on and he went off to fly  
Leaving her a daughter to help the time go by.

Final Chorus: Singing "G" suits and parachutes  
And uniforms of blue  
She'll never fly a fighter  
Like her daddy used to do.

INTO THE AIR

113

Into the air, U.S Air Force  
Into the air, Pilots true  
Into the air, U.S. Air Force  
Keep your nose up in the blue  
And when you hear the engines roaring  
And the steel props start to shine  
Then you can bet the U.S. Air Force  
Is along the fighting line.

Into the air, junior birdmen  
Into the air, upside down  
Into the air, junior birdmen  
Get your nose up off the ground  
And when you hear the great commencement  
Any you win your wings of tin  
You will know the junior birdment  
Have sent their box tops in.

MY WILD EYED CADET  
(Tune-My Wile Irish Rose)

114

My wild eyed Cadet, he ain't learned nothing yet  
He noses her down, when close to the ground  
My wild eyed cadet.  
He lips in his banks, if he lives we'll all give thanks  
I hear drums beating low, and men marching slow  
Behind wild eyed cadets.

EIGHT BUCKS A DAY

115

Open up the throttle till the needle hist the peg  
Eight bucks a day, Eight bucks a day  
Dive and roll and loop her till she's wingless as a keg  
Eight bucks a day is the pay  
Close the gate, lock the door  
Cause we won't come back to Langley no more  
We'll land at every flying field to San Francisco Bay  
Eight bucks a day is the pay.

I WANT TO GO HOME

116

I want to go home! I want to go home!  
The gas tank is leaking, the motor is dead  
The pilot is trying to stand on his head  
Take me back to the ground, I don't want to fly upside down  
Oh, my! I'm too young to die  
I want to go home.

HAIL YOU FIGHTER PILOTS

117

From Pohunkus, Tennessee  
Came a bastard that was me  
And my father shoveled snow from off the stree  
Well when I was very young  
He found a diamond in the dung  
And he sent me here to sing this song to you

So hail, oh Hail, you fighter pilots  
Fill your glasses full of brew  
And we'll have another glass  
To the latest horeses ass  
In the squadrons of the yellow and the blue.

THE FORMATION

118

Here's a health to the formation leader, a jolly good fellow is he  
He uses three star navigation, and flies on Bacardi  
Here's health to the leaders tow wingmen, to the gunner within his Turrelle  
Here's a health to the whole damn formation, we'll fly reviews in hell.

I've got six-pence, jolly jolly sixpence  
 I've got six-pence, to last me all my life  
 I've got tuppence to spend, and tuppence to lend  
 And tuppence to send home to my wife, poor wife.

No cares have I to grieve me  
 No pretty girls to decieve me  
 I'm happy as a lark believe me  
 As we go rolling rolling home.

Rolling home, Rolling home.  
 By the light of the silvery moon  
 Happy is the day, when the Air Force gets its pay  
 As we go rolling rolling home.

## PASDE CALAIS

120

Now you can send me twice a day  
 To the Pasde Calais  
 But don't ever send me over the Ruhr  
 Send me to Paris or a target in France  
 Any old pce that I might have a chance  
 You can send me twice a day  
 To the Pasde Calais  
 But don't send me over the Ruhr

You may think I'm wacky  
 But I'm only slightly flaky  
 Don't send me over the Ruhr  
 Now the slert's on the phone  
 The target's Cologne  
 My God, That's on the edge of the Ruhr.

Send me to Bremen or old potsdam town  
 Any place you can see through the flak to the ground  
 You can send me twice a day  
 To the Pasde Calais  
 But don't send me over the Ruhr  
 For even when I'm planning on aborting  
 Don't send me over the Ruhr

ODE TO THE B-29  
 (Tune-Whiffenfool song)

121

We are four little fans who have lost our way, GROWE, GROWR, GROWR  
 We are four little fans who have gone astray, GROWR, GROWR, GROWR  
 One third pilot out on the left, one third pilot out on the right  
 "George" is flying with all of his might, Growr, GROWR, GROWR!!

If you fly an 89, you must be dumb, deaf, and blind  
 For your life ain't worth a dime, what's your scheduled blow up time

Chorus: Will you go boom today, will you go boom today  
 Two blew up yesterday, Allison ain't here to stay

If you fly an 86, you must really get your kicks  
 Bouncing the all weather boys, playing with their radar toys.

If you fly a 94, you will never holler more  
 For your lot we do not pine, it's better than an 89.

If you fly a thunder-jet, you will really have no sweat  
 For your life you will not pound, the clunker won't get off the ground.

## TOO LONG AT ITAZUKE

123

Too long at Itazuke  
 Look just like a little gook  
 Eyes that slant, nose that's flat  
 Speak Japanese, "You caught a muskrat"  
 Me work in rice-paddy  
 Go Geisha house and drink saki  
 Me jo-jo Number One Japanese boy-san.

SONG OF THE 18TH  
 (Tune-Wreck of Old 97)

124

It's a long, long road from Pusan to Pyong-yang  
 And the mountains are high and wide  
 If my engine quits, you can write off a mustang  
 Cause I'm fixing to go over the side.

Col. McBride led his boys on a mission  
 And the chinks started throwing up flak  
 He said, "Run 'em up boys, and we'll clean out our engines  
 And the drinks are on the lasr one to get back.

Close support is a damn fine sortie  
 Cause you work so close to the troops  
 You get hit twelve times by a 20 or a 40  
 And your engine coughs, sputters, and poops.

So you hit the sild and you land in a meadow.  
 And the chinks start blazing away  
 And a 'copter comes along and picks up your elbow  
 Registration boys will find the rest some day.

It's a damn fine war and I love every mission  
 And I guess I'm here to stay  
 But I'd rather shag a broad by suggestive coition  
 Or catch the clap in Sante Fe.

From Kunsan to Anju, from Pyongyang to Yangdok  
 Wherever the red trucks go  
 I've been on some rough routes, and had me some tough bouts  
 But there is one thing I know  
 The red balls will get you, they're worrisome things  
 That lead you to sing, the flak in the night.

Hear the 8th a-calling, hear the 13th bawling  
 Dentist, oh dentist, oh bromide, oh bromide  
 Oh snowflake, oh give me a steer oh give me a fix  
 I'm lost in the night.

## THE INVADER

126

Oh the invader is a very fine airplane  
 Constructed of steel and tin  
 It will do over three hundred level  
 The plane with the tailwind built in  
 Oh, why did I join the Air Force  
 Mother, dear Mother knew best  
 For here I lie in the wreckage  
 Invader all over my chest.

THE FIGHTING 68TH  
 (Tune-MacNamaras Band)

127

We're here to tell a story of squadron 68  
 Came over from Ashia to join the fighting eighth  
 They're sitting here before us, tapping up the brew  
 They don't belong in a fighter group, but what can Chitty do.

Chorus: La da da da, What can he do  
 La da da da, What can he do  
 La da da da, What can he do  
 Oh they don't belong in a fighter group  
 But what can Chitty do.

They fly their old night fighters, they take off after dark  
 They don't know where they're going, they're just up for a lark  
 They never brief, they always beef, fly strictly on a hunch  
 Their call should be "Banana" cause they fly in such a bunch.

You know we also fly at night, thank God the times are few  
 We often hear night fighters saving, Moonshine, is that you?  
 Won't you tell those nasty shooting stars to land they're in our way!

RAIL CUTTERS  
 (Tune-Cold Cold Heart)

128

I tried so hard, Wild Bill, to cut  
 That streak of railroad track

RAIL CUTTERS  
(Tune-Cold Cold Heart)

(Con't)

But I'm afraid that all I did  
Was dodge that flying flak  
I know that one is all it takes  
To blow my ass apart.  
Why can't I get just one rail cut  
And melt our cold cold heart.

MY DARLING 39  
(Tune-My Darling Clementine)

129

In the cockpit of the Cobra  
Trying hard to reach the line  
But alas my engine faltered  
Fare thee well my 39

Chorus: Oh my darling, Oh my darling  
Oh my darling 39  
You are lost and gone forever  
Fare thee well my 39

When you're spinning very flatly  
And you've got a worried mind  
That's all brother, hit the jumpsack  
Bid farewell to your 39

All the brass hats in our congress  
They have signed the dotted line  
They are lucky they just bought it  
They don't fly the 39.

MOVIN ON

130

When you hear the patter of tiny feet, it's the 49th in full retreat  
They're movin on, they'll soon be gone  
They've pushed around just long enough, they're movin on

Hear the pitter-patter of the little feet, it's the first marines in full  
retreat  
They're movin on, They're movin on  
They're burning gas they're they're hauling ass, they're movin on.

Hey GI you pissed off at me, What's the matter you got no VD  
I'm movin on, I'll soon be gone  
Honey bucket turned over in the middle of the road, Im movin on.

Mama-san movin down the track, with a GI baby strapped on her back  
She's movin on, She'll soon be gone  
If she catches GI papa-sa, he'll be movin on.

(Con't)

Oh here come the Commies runnin down the pass  
 Playin the burp gun on a gyrene's ass  
 He's movin on, he's movin on  
 You've been flying too high for this little ole guy  
 So I'm movin on.

The ole houn dog was feelin fine, till he jumped in a barrel of  
 turpentine  
 He's movin on, he's movin on  
 He crashed the gat like a P-38, but he's movin on.  
 The old tom cat was feelin mean, till he caught his tail in a sewin  
 machine  
 He's movin on, he's movin on  
 He missed a stitch when he hit the ditch, but he's movin on.

## MY GOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN

131

My father makes rm in the bathtub  
 My mother makes two kinds of gin  
 My sister makes love for a living  
 My God how the money rolls in.

Chorus: Rolls in, rolls in, my God how the money rolls in, rolls in  
 Rolls in, rolls in, my God how the money rolls in.

My brother's a poor missionary  
 He saves little girlies from sin  
 He'll save you a blonde for five dollars  
 My God how the meny rolls in.

My uncle paints real frenchy postcards  
 My auntie she poses for him  
 Her costume cost nary a penny  
 My God how the money rolls in.

I tried making all kinds of whiskey  
 I tried making all kinds of gin  
 I tried making love for a living  
 My God the condition I'm in.

Chorus: Sin, sin, sin, sin, my God the condition I'm in, I'm in  
 Sin, sin, sin, sin, my God the money is rolling in.

My father died in the bathtub  
 My mother she died of her gin  
 My sister she married my brother  
 MY GOD WHAT A MESS I AM IN.

I'd an uncle who was a nightwatchman  
 Who spent all his nights in the pit,  
 He used to come home all over in shit.

My Auntie manufactures French letters  
My cousin pricks holes with a pin  
My uncle performs the abortions  
My God how the money rolls in.

RING DANG DOO  
(Tune-Jimmy Crack Corn)

132

When I was young and sweet sixteen  
I met a girl from New Orleans  
Oh she was young and pretty too  
She had what you call a ring-dang-doo.

A ring-dang-doo, pray what is that  
It's round and soft like a pussy cat  
It's round and soft and split in two  
That's what you call a ring-dang-doo

She took me down into the cellar  
She said I was a very fine feller  
She gave me wine and whiskey too  
And she let me play with her ring-dang-doo

She took me up into her bed  
She placed her tits beneath my head  
And then she took my hickey-floo  
And placed it in her ring-dang-doo

Now six months later she began to swell  
She swelled and swelled till she looked like hell  
She told her ma and her father too  
That I took a crack at her ring-dang-doo

Her father said you filthy whore  
You've gone and lost your maidens lore  
Pack up your bag and your nighty too  
And make your living from your ring-dang-doo

She went to the city to become a whore  
She hung a sign upon her door  
Five dollars now nothing else will do  
To take a crack at my ring-dang-doo.

And the fellers came and the fellers went  
And the price went down to fifteen cents  
Fifteen cents and nothing else will do  
To take a crack at my ring-dang-doo

And then one day a son of a bitch  
He had the crabs and the jockey itch  
He had the syph and diarrhea too  
And he took a crack at her ring-dang-doo



RING DANG DOO  
(Tune-Jimmy Crack Corn)

(Con't)

They hung her tits in the city hall  
They pickled her ass in alcohol  
Now all you bums and hobo's too  
You've heard my tale of the ring-dang-doo

So they buried her near the city hall  
And they engraved upon the wall  
She's learned her lesson and you should too  
Just stay away from the ring-dang-doo.

OLD GREY BUSTLE  
(Tune-Old Grey Bonnet)

133

Put on your old grey bustle and get out and bustle  
For tomorrow the rent's coming due  
Put your ass in clover let the boys look it over  
If you can't get five take two.

Put on those old pink panties that used to be your aunties  
And we'll go for a tussel in the hay  
Now ther's no use duckin' cause you're goona get a fuckin'  
In the good old fashioned way.

Put on your old grey corset if it won't fit force it  
For the fleet is coming in today  
As the bees make honey let your ass make money  
In the good old fashioned way.

Put on that old blue ointment the crabs dissapointment  
And will kill those bastards where they lay  
Though it scratches and it itches it will kill those sons of bitches  
In the good old fashioned way.

MACH RIDERS IN THE SKY  
(Tune-Ghost Riders In The Sky)

134

A grey F-4 got airborne one dark and windy day  
And as he raised his landing gear, you could hear the pilot pray  
Keep all those buckets in the wheel and I'll be safe and sound  
Dont let those fires go out, Dear Lord, till I am on the ground.

Chorus: Yippi-i-o, yippi-a-a-a  
Mach riders in the sky

The black sabre-tooth tiger puts the commies on the run  
We've been famous since that bitter day in fourty-one  
Though we may work on holidays, and weekends just the same  
The 45th makes history, Oh bless that famous name.

MACH RIDERS IN THE SKY  
(Tune--Ghost Riders In The Sky)

(Con't)

And as our phantoms leave the ground, their tails are spouting flame  
The pilots all may go through hell, but fly em just the same  
The crew chiefs work their asses off to keep em flying high  
And load with satisfaction at their phantoms screaming by.

Day and night our pilots fight to live up to their name  
Other pilots come and go, but ours fly on to fame  
They're going to fly forever in that range up there on high  
They cuss and cry, "Live or die," MACH RIDERS IN THE SKY.

THE THING

135

I've flown around for many a year, from Berlin to Taegu  
But never a thing I saw like the thing, cruising along the Yalu  
I was tooling up and down one day, with nary a thought on my mind  
When suddenly was this ???, right up my behind  
When suddenly was this ???, right up my behind.

I dropped my tanks and broke to the right, called help to my wingman  
He took one look at the ???, and he turned around and ran  
And then I called on another guy, Known as Maple red  
But when he saw the ???, he ducked his nose and fled  
But when he saw the ???, he ducked his nose and fled

And then there was this other bird, who yelled get altitude  
There may be more of those ???, and I've lost my fortitude  
Then finally came this swept-wing thing, on of the famous forth  
He said I'll get that ???, his fifties spattered forth  
He said I'll get that ???, his fifties spattered forth.

And then I looked around again, and much to my surprise  
I saw him clobber the ???, right before my eyes  
The MIG blew up went down in flames, his comrades followed suit  
Because of the guy in the ???, who knew just when to shoot  
Because of the guy in the ???, who knew just when to shoot.

Now all you jockeys of eighty-fours, here's my advice to you  
Never go cruising up and down, north of Sinanju  
Unless you've got the Famous Fourth, hovering over you  
Cause they'll take care of the ???, they know just what to do  
Cause they'll take care of the ???, they know just what to do.

THOSE WEDDING BELLS ARE BREAKING UP

136

Not a soul down on the corner  
It's a pretty certain sign  
Those wedding bells are breaking up  
That old gang of mine.

(Con't)

All the boys are singing love songs  
They've forgot Sweet Adeline  
Those wedding bells are breaking up  
That old gang of mine.

There goes Jack, there goes Jill  
Down through lovers lane  
Now and then, we meet again  
But they don't seem the same

Gee I get that lonesome feeling  
When I hear those church bells chime  
Those wedding bells are breaking up  
That old gang of mine.

## DOODLE-LEE-DOO

137

Please sing to me that sweet melody  
Called Doodle-lee-doo, doodle-lee-doo  
Is doodle-lee-doo, doodle-lee-doo  
Simplest thing, there isn't much to it  
All you got to do is doodle-lee-doo it  
I love it so, wherever I go  
I doodle-lee-doodle-lee-do.

Two little lovers, under the covers  
What'll they do, doodle-lee-doo  
I would suggest that they should undress  
And doodle-lee-doo, doodle-lee-doo  
Cherries are red, ready for plucking  
I'm sixteen and I'm ready for highschool  
I love it so, whereever I go  
I doodle-lee-doodle-lee-doo.

Please do to me what you did to Marie  
Last Saturday night, Saturday night  
It must have been real, cause I heard Marie squeal  
Last Saturday night, Saturday night  
Don't know what, what you were doin'  
Somebody said you were doodle-lee-doo in  
I love it so, wherever I go  
I doodle-lee-doodle-lee-doo.

Miss Emma Snow went out on a show  
Called doodle-lee-doo, doodle-lee-doo  
She made a hit just playing her bit  
In doodle-lee-doo, doodle-lee-doo  
Twenty four hours, that's all there was to it  
How in this world did she doodle-lee-doo it  
Got a Rolls Royce, but not by her voice  
But doodle-lee- doodle-lee-doo.

Twas a sunny day in June all the flowers were in bloom  
 The birds were singing gaily on the farm  
 When I spied a maiden fair and I said unto her there  
 Let me wind up your little ball of yarn.

She said sir can't you see you're a stranger to me  
 But follow me out behind the barn  
 There's a shady little nook beside the babbling brook  
 Where you can wind up my little ball of yarn.

Now young man take my advice never stay out late at night  
 And you'll never lose your cherry or your charm  
 Be like the bluebird and the robin keep your little P from bobbin'  
 And you'll never wind up that little ball of yarn.

## SING US ANOTHER ONE DO

There was a young man from Boston  
 Who traded his car for an Austin  
 There was room for his ass and a gallon of gas  
 But his balls hung out and he lost em.

Chorus: Aye aye yi yi, In China they never eat chili  
 Sing us another one  
 Just like the other one  
 Sing us another one, do

There was a young man from Dundee  
 Who buggered an ape in a tree  
 The result was most horrid, all ass and no forehead  
 Tree balls and a purple goatee.

There was a young man from Kildair  
 Who buggered his girl on the stairs  
 The bannister broke, he doubled his stroke  
 And finished her off in mid air.

There was a queer from Khartoum  
 Who took a young lesbian to his room  
 They argued all night, as to who has the right  
 To do what, with which, and to whom.

There was a professor from the Mall  
 Who possessed a cylindrical ball  
 The cube root of its weight, plus his penis, plus eight  
 Was one half of two thirds of fuck all.

There was a young girl from St Paul  
 Who wore a newspaper dress to a ball  
 Her dress caught on fire, and burned her entire  
 Front page, sports section and all.

There was a young lady from Wheeling  
Who had a peculiar feeling  
She laid on her back, and tickled her crack  
And pissed all over the ceiling.

There was a young man from Nantucket  
Whose dick was so long he could suck it  
He said with a grin, as he wiped off his chin  
If my ear were a cunt I could fuck it.

There once was a young man from Kent  
Whose dick was so long that it bent  
To save himself trouble, he put it in double  
And instead of coming, he went.

There once was a man of class  
Whose balls were made of brass  
When they swung together, they played stormy weather  
And lightening shot out of his ass.

There was a young man from Sparta  
Who was the worlds champion farter  
On the strength of one bean, he played God save the Queen  
And Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata.

There once was a man from Rangoon  
Who was born by the light of the moon  
He had not the luck, to be born by a fuck  
But was a wet dream scooped up in a spoon

There once was a boy from Baclaridge  
And he was his parents disparage  
He sucked off his brother, and went down on his mother  
And ate up his sisters miscarriage.

There once was a pilot from K-2  
Who buggered a girl down in Taegu  
He said to the Doc, as she handed him his cock  
Will I lose both my testicles too.

There once was a man from Trieste  
Who loved his wife with a zest  
Despite all her howls, he sucked out her bowls  
And deposited the mess on her breast.

In the garden of Eden sat Adam  
With is hand on the butt of his madam  
He chuckled with mirth, for he knew on this earth  
There were only two balls and he had em.

There was an old hermit named Dave  
Who kept a dead whore in his cave  
He said I'll admit, I'm a bit of a shit  
But think of the money I save.

There once was a girl named Alice  
Who used a dynamite stick for a fallice  
They found her vagina, in south carolina  
And a piece of her hymen in Dallas.

There once was a girl from France  
Who boarded a train by chance  
The engineer fucked her, and so'd the conductor  
And the brakeman went off in his pants.

There once was a man from Bombay  
Who fashioned a cunt out of clay  
The heat of his prick, turned the clay into brick  
And rubbed all his foreskin away.

There once was a girl named Gail  
Between her tits was a price of her tail  
And on her behind, for the sake of the blind  
Was the same information in braille.

There once was a girl from the Azores  
Whose cunt was all covered with sores  
The dogs in the street, would not eat the green meat  
That hung in fetoons from her drawers.

There was a young girl from Peru  
Who said as the Bishop withdrew  
The Vicar is quicker, he's also a lickster  
And considerably thicker than you.

There was a young priest from Dundee  
Who went in the garden to pee  
He said Pax Wo Biscum, I can't make the piss come out  
I guess I've got C L A P.

There was a young girl named Myrtle  
Who was raped on the beach by a turtle  
The results of the fuck, was two eggs and a duck  
Which proved that the turtle was fertile.

There was a young man from Nottingham  
Who stood on the bridge at Buckingham  
Just watching the stunts, of the cunts and the punts  
And the tricks of the pricks that were fuckingham.

An Argentine Gaucho named Bruno  
Said fucking is one thing I do know  
All women are fine, and sheep are devine  
But llamas are numero uno.

There was a young man from New Brighton  
Who said my dear you've a tight one  
Soad she pon my soul, you have the wrong hole  
It's the one up in front that's the right one.

There was a man from St James  
Who played most unusual games  
He lit a match, to his grandmothers snatch  
And laughed as she pissed through the flames.

There once was a man named McGruder  
Who wooed a nude in Bermuda  
Now the nude thought it crude, to be wooed in the nude  
But McGruder was cruder, he screwed her.

There was a young man from Kieth  
Who skinned bark pricks with his teeth  
It wasn't for pleasure, he adopted this measure  
But for the cheese he found underneath.

There was a young lass named Alice  
Who peed in the Archbishops chalice  
It was not from relief, as was the belief  
But purely from protestant malice.

There was a young bishop from Birmingham  
Who didled the nuns while confirmin' 'em  
He brought them indoors, slipped down their drawers  
And slipped his Episcopal worm in 'em.

There was a young man from Brock  
Who tied a violin string to his cock  
With just one erection, he could play a selection  
From Johann Sebastian Bach.

There was a young lady from Ranson  
Who had it three times in a hanson  
When she cried for more, a voice from the floor  
Cried my name is Simpson, not Sampson.

There once was a girl from Cape Cod  
Who thought all babies came from Gad  
But it wasn't the Almighty who lifeted her nighty  
It was Roger the lodger the sod.

There once was a lady named Lil  
Who swallowed an atomic pill  
They found her vagina in North Carolina  
And one of her tits in Brazil.

There once was a pirate named Bates  
Who was learning to rhumba on skates  
He fell on his cutlass, which rendered him nutless  
And practically useless on dates

There once was a monk from Mongolia  
Whose life was lonlier and lonlier  
One night just for fun, he took out a nun  
And now she's a Mother Superior.

Let's all go down and piss on the \_\_\_\_\_  
 Piss on the \_\_\_\_\_, piss on the \_\_\_\_\_  
 Let's all go down and piss on the \_\_\_\_\_  
 Till they float away  
 Till they float away  
 Till they float away  
 Let's all go down and piss on the \_\_\_\_\_  
 Piss on the \_\_\_\_\_, Piss on the \_\_\_\_\_  
 Let's all go down and piss on the \_\_\_\_\_  
 Till they float away.

WEST VIRGINIA HILLS

141

In the hills of West Virginia, lives a girl named Nancy Brown  
 Ain't never such a beauty, in city or in town  
 Now Nancy and the Deacon climbed the mountain come high noon  
 And when they reached the summit, it was very very soon.

Oh she came rollin down the mountain, rollin down the mountain  
 Rollin down the mountain by the dam  
 And in spite of his urgin, she remained the local virgin  
 And is just as pure as West Virginia ham.

Now along cam a trapper, Henderson by name  
 He took little Nancy, and the story's just the same.

She came rollin down the mountain, rollin down the mountain  
 Rollin down the mountain by the shack  
 And in spite all of his urgin, she remained the local virgin  
 And is just as pure as Pappy's applejack.

But along cam a slicker, with his hundred dollar bills  
 He took our little nancy, a way up in the hills.

And they she stayed up in the mountains, stayed up in the mountains  
 Stayed up in the mountains all that night  
 She came home next morning early, more a woman than a girlie  
 And her pappy kicked the hussy out of sight.

Now she's livin in the city, livin in the city  
 Oh she's livin in the city mighty swell  
 She's done away with pots and kettles, and she's eatin fancy vittles  
 And those West Virginia hills can go to hell.

But along came depression, took slicker by the pants  
 He had to sell his Packard, had to give up little Nanc'

So now she's back in West Virginia, Back in West Virginia  
 Back in West Virginia as of yore  
 And the Deacon and the trapper, get that thing that they were after  
 And she's known as that West Virginia L A D Y.



Oh, I took a trip to london to look around the town  
 When I got to Piccadilly, the sun was going down  
 I've never seen such darkness, the night was black as pitch  
 When suddenly in front of me, I thought I saw a witch.

Chorus: Oh, it was lilly, from Piccadilly  
 You know the one I mean, the one I mean  
 I'll spend each payday, that's my hey hey day  
 With Lilly, my blackout queen.

Oh, I couldn't see her figure, I couldn't see her face  
 But if I ever meet her, I'll know her anyplace  
 I couldn't tell if she were blonde or a dark brunette  
 But gosh oh gee, did she give me, a thrill I won't forget.

She said to me, Oh Yankee boy, are you lonesome are you blue?  
 Just step around the corner, I'll show you what I'll show you what  
 I'll do

We went up some dark alley, I said, I love you kid  
 She said, Okay, but first you pay, so I gave her twenty quid.

She leaned her back against the wall, I took her in my arms  
 She gave to me her very all, yes all her buxom charms  
 I lost my head, I lost my heart, I even lost my hat  
 It was a shame, she should have been, a circus acrobat.

We went to her apartment, and when we were in bed  
 She was so very pleasant, I said someday we'd wed  
 She even gave me breakfast, she was so very nice  
 Why, what she did for twenty quid was cheap at half the price.

It was a few days later, I began to feel so queer,  
 And when I went on sick call the doc said, "it's quite clear  
 You've had some love commande style. Come, son, now don't be shy,  
 You're not to blame. Tell me her name." So I answered with a sigh:

Now when my children ask me. "Please tell us, Daddy dear,  
 What did you do to win the war?" I'll answer with a sneer,  
 "Your Daddy was a hero; his best he always fought.  
 With bravery he gave to the commandos his support."

## FALSIES IN BRASSEIRES

143

There's nothing can be better than a girl that wears a sweater  
 Though she may not be as big as she appears  
 They've got an awful lot of falsies in brasseires

Her pullmonary muscles my resemble Janie Russels  
 And she'll say she got that way from drinking beers  
 They've got an awful lot of falsies in brasseires.

So round ----- so firm ----- and so fully packed  
 You'll find it's really just an act  
 Give a girl a Bally bra and she will grow--- grow---grow.

Now I've made a carefull study with the help of my best buddy  
 And a hundred thousand women volunteers  
 They've got an awful lot falsies in brasseires.

So fellows 'fore you wed her, Please investigate her sweater  
 Or you'll find your honeymoon will end in tears  
 They've got an awful lot of falsies in brasseires.

## FRIGGING IN THE RIGGING

144

Twas on the good ship Venus, my God you should have seen us  
 The figure head was a whore in bed, And the mast a rampant penis

Chorus: Frigging in the rigging, Frigging in the rigging  
 Frigging in the rigging, there's fuck all else to do.

The captain of this lugger, he was a dirty bugger  
 He wasn't fit to shovel shit, from one place to another.

The first mate's name was Morgan, my God was he a gorgon  
 Ten times a day he used to play, upon his sexual organ.

The second mates name was Andy, he was so young and randy  
 They boiled his bun in steaming rum, for coming in the brandy.

The Midshipmans name was Nipper, he was a dirty ripper  
 He filled his ass with broken glass, and circumsized the skipper.

The captains wife was Mable, when ever she was able  
 She'd fornicate with the second mate, upon the gally table.

The captain had a daughter, who fell into the water  
 Delighted squeals revealed the eels, had found her wexual quarter.

The crew they were hard cases, you could see it in their faces  
 They took to frigging in the rigging, for want of better places.

So drunk with exultation, we reached our China station  
 And sunk a junk in a sea of spunk, caused by mutual masturbation.

The Quartermaster was Pember  
 He had a crashing member  
 On nights of frost, himself he tossed  
 Before a glowing ember.

The Bosun's name was Walker, he really was a corker,  
 The filthy sod had been in quod  
 For dalliance with a porker.

Once in a drunken frolick, the bosun lost a bollock  
With foul intent, on Mable bent, he impaled it on a rowlock.

The ship's dog name was Rover, by gad he was in clover  
We gound and ground that faithful hound  
From Tenereefe to Dover.

The cabin boy was pretty, it really is a pity  
The things they did to that poor kid  
Would quite upset this ditty.

They sailed to far Algeria, to none were they inferior  
The prostitutes along the routes  
Grew wearier and wearier.

They made for the Bahamas, The harems and zenanas  
They did eschew that poxy crew  
And much preferred bananas.

They sailed to Buenos Aires, And laid with all the fairies  
They got the Syph at Tenereefe  
And clap in the Canaries.

Then, tired of this pollution, they sought for absolution  
They upped the priest, the dirty beast  
And broke their resolution.

At first the priest resisted, but then the crew insisted  
And some burned rum, beneath his bum  
And soon his bollocks twisted.

Pray benidiction for us, pour absolution O'er us  
You shaggy shite, you shall recite  
The Halleluja Chorus.

## LYDIA PINKHAM

145

Chorus: Oh, we sing, we sing, we sing, of Lydia Pinkham, Pinkham,  
Pinkham  
And her love for the human race  
A wonderful compound, a dollar a bottle  
And every label bears her face.

Now Mrs. Mrphy, had husband trouble, she did not like to fiddle-  
de-dee  
But after taking a bottle of compound, they had to tie her to a tree.

Now Mrs. Murphy, had baby touble, she could not have a baby dear  
But after taking a bottle of compound, they had to milk her like a cow

Now Mrs. Murphy, had kidney trouble, in the morning, she could not pee  
But after taking a bottle of compound, they had to pipe her out to sea.

I was floating down that old Green River  
On the good ship rock and rye  
But I floated too far  
Got stuck on a bar.

Was there all alone, wishing that I were home  
The ship went down with the captain and crew  
It left me only one thing to do  
I had a drink that old green river dry  
To get back home to you.

THE WOODPECKER (Tune- Dixie)

Oh, I stuck my finger in a woodpeckers hole  
And the woodpecker said god bless your soul  
Take it out, take it out, take it out, remove it.

So I removed my finger from the woodpeckers hole  
And the woodpecker said God Bless my soul  
Put it back, put it back, put it back, replace it.

I replaced my finger in the woodpeckers hole  
The woodpecker said God Bless my soul  
Turn it around, turn it around, turn it around, revolve it.

I revolved my finger in the woodpeckers hole  
And the woodpecker said God bless my soul  
In-and-out, in-and-out, in-and-out, reciprocate it.

I reciprocated my finger in the woodpeckers hole  
And the woodpecker said God bless my soul  
Pull it out, pull it out, pull it out, retract it.

I retracted my finger from the woodpeckers hole  
And the woodpecker said God bless my soul  
Take a smell, take a smell, take a smell, revolve it.

VIOLATE ME

Violate me in the violet time  
In the vilest way that you know  
To the best things in life  
I am utterly oblivious  
Give me a life that is lewd and lascivious  
Violate me in the violet time  
In the vilest way that you know  
Ravage me, savage me  
Utterly damage me  
On me no mercy bestow  
Violate me in the violet time  
In the vilest way that you know.

Oh, if all little girls were like fish in the ocean  
And I were a whale I would teach them emotion.

Chorus: Oh roll your leg over, Oh roll your leg over  
Oh roll your leg over the man in the moon.

Oh, if all little girls were like bells in the tower  
And I were a clapper I'd bang by the hour

Oh, if all little girls were like fish in the river  
And I were a sandbar I'd sure make them quiver

Oh, if all little girls were like sheep in the pasture  
And I were a ram I'd make them run faster

Oh, if all little girls were like little white rabbits  
And I were a hare I would teach them bad habits

Oh, if all little girls were like little red vixens  
And I were a fox I surely would fix 'em

Oh, if all little girls were like Hedy Lamarr  
I'd try twice as hard to get twice as far

Oh, if all little girls were like cows in the clover  
And I were a bull I would chase them all over

Oh, if all little girls were like little white flowers  
And I was a bee I would buzz them for hours

Oh, if all little girls were like little white chickens  
And I was a rooster I'd give them the dickens

Oh, if all little girls were like little ole turtles  
And I was a turtle I'd get in their girdles

Oh, if all little girls were like Gypsy Rose Lee  
And I were her G-string oh boy what I'd see

Oh, if all little girls were like nurses who would  
And I were a doctor I would if I could

Oh, if all little girls were like bricks in a pile  
And I were a mason I'd lay them in style

Oh, I wish that all girls were like fish in a pool  
And I were a chap with a waterproof tool

If all little girls were like bats in the steeple  
And I were a bat, There'd be more bats than people

Oh, if all little girls were like diamonds and rubbies  
And I were a jeweler I'd polish their boobies.

The prettiest girl I ever saw  
 Was sipping bourbon through a straw  
 The prettiest girl I ever saw  
 Was sipping bourbon through a straw

And now and then the straw would slip  
 And I'd sip bourbon through her lips

And now I've got a mother in law  
 From sipping bourbon through a straw

The moral of this story's clear  
 Don't sip bourbon, sip beer.

## THE B-36

151

The B-36 flies at 40,000 feet, the B-36 flies at 40,000 feet  
 The B-36 flies at 40,000 feet,  
 But it only carries one little teensie weensie bomb  
 Tons and tons of ammunition, tons and tons of ammunition  
 Tons and tons of ammunition,  
 But it only carries one little teensie weensie bomb.

## OH IT'S BEER BEER BEER

152

Oh it's beer, beer, beer,  
 That makes you want to cheer  
 In the Corps, in the Corps  
 Oh it's beer, beer, beer,  
 That makes you want to cheer  
 In the U.S. Air, U..S. Air Force.

Chorus: My eyes are dim, I cannot see  
 I have not brought my specs with me.

Whiskey - That makes you feel so frisky  
 Gin - That makes you want to sin  
 Vodka - That makes you feel you oughta  
 Sautern - That makes your belly burn  
 Vermouth - That makes you feel uncouth  
 Bourbon - That makes you feel like chirpin'  
 Wine - That makes you feel so fine  
 Rum - That makes you feel so dumb  
 Rye - That makes you feel so shy  
 Brandy - That makes you feel so dandy  
 Likker - That makes you ever sicker  
 Sherry - That makes you feel so hairy.  
 Water - That makes you feel you oughter  
 Chartreuse - That makes your morals loose

Oh I was sent to Nellis, I was sent to train  
 I learned how to bomb and strafe, from an aeroplane  
 Oh I was sent near Hanoi, to be a killer too  
 But all I get is a bunch of shit from you and you and you  
 I know a fighter pilot, no smile upon his face  
 And many's the time I heard him say  
 I HATE THIS FUCKING PLACE.

## OH THE 523 IS A VERY FINE SQUADRON

154

Oh the 523 is a very fine squadron  
 Their pilots are all true blue  
 But they bring back drawers that smell like dogshit  
 From the dog-fights at old Sinanju

## ONE TO THE JOG DUTY OFFICER

155

You ought to be dead you old bastard  
 You ought to be dammed well shot  
 You ought to be tied to the door of a shit house  
 And left there to dammed well rot.

I've sat in this damn cockpit for hours and hours  
 I've stuck it as long as I could  
 I've stuck it and stuck it, so now I say fuck it  
 My ass hole's not made out of wood.

## FORESKIN FUGITIVES

156

Eyes right, assholes tight, foreskins to the front  
 We're the boys who make no noise, we're always chasing cunt  
 We are the fliers of the night, we'd rather fuck than fight  
 We are the foreskin fugitives.

## ICE ON THE RICE

157

When the ice is on the rice in old Tsuiki  
 And the saki in the cellar starts to freeze  
 When you turn to her and say, "My darling dozo"  
 Then you're turning just a skoshi Nipponese

THE BALLS OF O'LEARY  
 (Tune--The Bells of St Mary)

158

The balls of O'Leary  
 Are wrinkled and weary  
 Are battered and tattered  
 Like the dome of St Paul

The people all muster to see that great cluster  
 Of the wonderful pair of O'Leary's balls.

Oh minstrels sing of a mighty king  
Who many long years ago  
Ruled his land with an iron hand  
But his mind was weak and low.

His only under clothing was  
A filthy undershirt  
It was long enough to hide his hide  
But never to hide the dirt.

He loved to hunt the royal stag  
Within the royal wood  
But the spot he loved the best of all  
Was pullin his royal pud.

Wild and wooly and full of fleas  
His terrible tool hung down to his knees  
God save the bastard king of England.

Now the queen of Spain was a sprightly dame  
And an amorous dame was she  
And she loved to fool with the royal tool  
From far across the sea

So she sent a special message  
By a special messenger  
And asked the royal bastardship  
To spend the night with her.

When Phillip of France heard this  
He summoned his royal court  
Said she prefers my rival  
Just because my tool is short

So he sent the Duke of Slip and Slap  
To give the queen a dose of clap  
And thus avenged the bastard king of England

When news of this foul deed  
Did reach fair England's halls  
The king he swore by the shirt he wore  
He's have old Phillip's balls

So he offered a night with the seet Hortense  
To the man who'd nut the king of France  
And thus avenge the bastard king of England

Up spoke the duke of Suffolk  
He took himself to France  
Declared himself a flutter  
The king took doen his pants.



He dropped a thong around his dong  
 Jumped on his horse and galloped along  
 And thus avenged the bastard king of England

Now Phillip assumed a royal stance  
 And groveled on the floor  
 For during the ride his royal pride  
 Had stretched a yard or more.

And all the girls in England  
 Came down to London town  
 And shouted around the castle  
 The hell with Englands crown.

So Phillip assumed the throne  
 His sceptres was the royal bone  
 With which he downed the bastard king of England.

## ASS HOLES ARE CHEAP TODAY

160

Ass holes are cheap today  
 Cheaper than yesterday  
 Little boys cost half a crown  
 Standing up or lying down  
 Larger boys cost seven and six  
 Cause they take bigger pricks  
 Ass holes are cheap  
 Are cheap today.

## THREE WHORES FROM CANADA JUNCTION

161

Three whores walked down from Canada Junction  
 Full of brandy and wine  
 The topic of conversation was  
 Your cunts no bigger than mine.

Chorus: Roly poly tickly my holey  
 Slippery slimey slue  
 Rattle your nuts across my guts  
 I'm one of the whorey crew.

The first old whore got up and said  
 My cunt's as big as the air  
 The birds flying and the birds fly out  
 And never touch a hair.

The second old whore go up and said  
 My cunt's as big as the moon  
 A man went in in January  
 And didn't come out till June.

The third old whore got up and said  
 Man you're all talking balls  
 Cause when I have my periods  
 It's like Niagra Falls.

## SALOME

162

Down our street, we had a merry party  
 Everybody there was oh so gay and hearty  
 Talk about a treat, we ate all the meat  
 And we drank all the beer.  
 In the bopzer down the street.

There was old Uncle Joe, fair fucked up  
 We locked him in the cellar with the old bull pup  
 Little sonney Jim, tried to get in in.  
 With his ass hole winking at the moon.  
 Oh Salome, salome  
 You should see Salome,  
 Standing there, with her ass all bare  
 Waiting for someone to slide it in there  
 To slide it, and glide it  
 Right up her fucking chute  
 Two brass balls and a prick of steal  
 And a foreskin, full of shit.

She's a big fat cow, twice the size of me  
 Hairs on her belly like the brances on trees  
 She can ump fight fuck  
 Wheel a borrow push a truck  
 That's my girl Solome

On Monday night, she takes it up the back  
 On Tuesday night, she takes in all the slack  
 On Wednesday night, she has a spell  
 On Thursday night, she fucks like hell  
 On Friday night, she takes it up her nose  
 In between her fingers and down between her toes  
 On Saturday night, she dishes out gams  
 And she goes to church on Sunday  
 She just wants me for a sunbeam  
 And a fucking fine sunbeam I'll be.

## GOING HOME

163

(Tune-Out on the Texas Plains)

I'm goona head my ship into the wide blue sea  
 With my nose into the west  
 I'm gonna find a gal that was made for me  
 I'm goona give her all my best.

GOING HOME  
(Tune-Out on the Texas Plains)

(Con't)

I'm gonna head my ship toward that old west coast  
Round Long Beach and L.A.  
And when we all get home we will dring a toast  
To those long forgotten days

I'm gonna fly all day, I'm gonna fly all night  
Toward that setting sun  
And when that good old coast line looms into sight  
My work has just begun

I'm gonna find a gal that just don't give a darn  
I'm gonna love her night and day  
And if she says no no I'm gonna twist her arm  
Cause I'm gonna get my way.

I'm gonna drink myself into a total wreck  
I'm gonna love until I die  
I got a pilots mind ans a flyer's rep  
I couldn't be good if I tried.

So won't you just relax  
For there is one more verse of the things I'm gonna do  
I know that times are bad, but they could be worse  
So here's my parting word to you.

I'll ne'er forget this war until the day I die  
Cause it's changed my life's flight plan  
And when my days are o'er and my time draws high  
I'm gonna die drunk if I can.

RIO RIO RIO

164

Chorus: Rio, Rio, Rio, Rio, Jesus Christ how I feel  
Fresh from a shore house, prick full of steel.  
That's my organ grinder.

Laid her in her fathers hall  
Spread her ass from hall to hall  
Shoved it up into her gall  
With my old organ grinder.

Fucked her in her fathers bed  
Shoved it up into her head  
Fucked that girl till she was deed  
With mu old organ grinder

Followed her to the gurial ground  
Just to go-another round  
Fucked her as they lowered her down  
With my old organ grinder

Some folks say I am a knave  
 Say that I do not Behave  
 Cause I jacked off on er grave  
 With my old organ grinder.

## OH MY GOD

165

Oh My God, we've all done wrong  
 We've all been drunk for so GOD DAMN long  
 And we don't give a Jesus if it rains, hails or freezes  
 Let the old man say what he GOD DAMN pleases  
 We're just a bunch of shitsters, a of booze histers  
 FIGHTER PILOTS ALL

## IN FLIGHT REFUELING

(Tune-Strawberry Roan)

166

Oh come fighter pilots, both young and old  
 And I'll tell you a story, that 'll make you turn cold  
 A story of tankers, and a flight out to sea  
 And I hate to tell you what they did to me.

Oh we took off from George, oh so early one morn  
 The weather was balmy, but not really warm  
 We soon left the coast line, and headed to sea  
 And for the last time land I did see.

Oh we flew on for hours, it seemed like more  
 We flow and we flow, till my butt it got sore  
 And we finally got to that point far from land  
 Where there were supposed to be tankers at hand

But yes, you have gussed it, no one was there  
 Nothing around, but ocean and air  
 We called and we called, but it was in vain  
 There was nobody out there to refuel my plane

Oh we circled and circled, and hollered for gas  
 The pain was begining, to leave my ass  
 'Twas begining to pucker, and turn a dull hue  
 When finally a tanker came into veiw.

Well bygones were bygones, and we didn't bitch  
 We just latched onto, that son of a bitch  
 What ho, called the scanner, "It's under your wing  
 If you don't hook up, you likely will ding!"

Well I stabbed and I stabbed and I stabbed some more  
 But I couldn't hit, that dirty old whore  
 I looked at my gas gauge, and it was down low  
 I backed off again, and tried it real slow.

So I tried it real slow boys, but that didn't work  
 So I tried it fast again, what a hell of a jerk  
 The funnel it hit me, one hell of a blow  
 As I looked at the cold water down there below.

I looked at the water, so cold and so chilled  
 And I thought to myself, I'll soon be killed  
 So I'd better hook up, and take on some fuel  
 Cause that water below looks uncomfortably cool

So I finally did it, I hit that damn hose  
 I hit that old funnel, right square on the nose  
 The engineer said, "Sir you're taking on fuel!"  
 But the bastard was lying, the dirty old fool.

I called that damn scanner, said, "Turn on the gas  
 I can't wait much longer, or I'll bust my ass."  
 He looked up from his paper, and said with a grin  
 "You know there are days sir, when you just can't win.

That's the end of my story, I'm sorry to say  
 That old F-100, lies out in the bay  
 But I'll have my vengeance, you can bet your life  
 Cause there's one tanker pilot, that I'm going to knife.

I LOVE OLD WING OPS AND FLYING SAFETY  
 (Tune-Dearest Hearts and Gentle People)

167

I love old Wing Ops, and Flying Safety  
 They're nothing but hot air  
 But if you bust one, and hit the barrier  
 You know damn well that they'll be there

I read my dash one, from dawn till sunset  
 But it don't go so well  
 For when the board meets, and I go up there  
 I know there're going to give me hell.

I feel so helpless, each time I try to fly  
 For I know they'll watch each move I make  
 And so it's Wing Ops and Flying Safety  
 Watching every rule I break.

SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME

168

Show me the way to go home  
 I'm tired and I want to go to bed  
 I had a little drink about an hour ago  
 And it went right to my head  
 Whenever I may roam

On land or sea or foam  
You will always hear me singing this song  
Show me the way to go home.

Indicate the way to my abode  
I'm fatigued and I want to retire  
I had a spot of beverage sixty minutes ago  
And it went right to my cerebellum  
Wherever I may perambulate  
On land or sea or atmospheric vapor  
You can always hear me crooning this melody  
Indicate the way to my abode.

BUDDY

169

BUDDY, BUDDY, have a good time  
Stay in bed till half past nine  
Drink your drink and Flub your dub  
86th Fighter Country club.

HONEY

170

Oh, Honey, Honey, Bless your heart  
Cause you're the honey that I love so well  
My heart beats true, sweetheart for you  
Cause you're the honey that I love so well.

COCAINE SUE

171

Oh morphine Bill and Cocaine Sue  
Truckin' down the avenue  
Chorus: Oh honey have a sniff, have a sniff on me  
Oh honey have a sniff on me.

Now right on Broadway, left on main  
To get a shot of old cocaine

Now in that drugstore hung a sign  
We ain't got no more morphine

In a graveyard on a hill  
Lies the remains of Morphine Bill.

And in that graveyard by his side  
Lie the remains of his cocaine bride

Now the moral of this story just goes to show  
There ain't no fun in sniffin' snow.

LEES HOOCHIE  
(Tune-On Top of Old Smokey)

172

I went to Seoul City, and met a Miss Lee  
She said for a short time, oh come sleep with me  
We went to Lee's hoochie, a room with hot floors  
I left my shoes outside, and slid shut the door.

She took off her long johns, and rolled out the pad  
I gave her ten thousand, 'twas all that I had  
Her breath smelled of kimchie, her bosoms were flat  
No hair on her pussy, now what about that.

I asked to go benjo, she let me outside  
I reached for old smokey, he crawled back inside  
I rushed to the medics, cried, "What shall I do!"  
The doc was dumfounded: old smokey was blue.

Now when you're in Seoul City, on your next three day pass  
Don't go to Lee's Hoochie, sit flat on your ass  
Now your ass may get blistered, and Lee may tempt you  
But better the red ass, than old smokey blue.

THE COED AND THE CADET

173

The Coed and the Cadet were courting I declare  
Down by the gate they didn't know that I was there  
Oh the Coed she was bashful and the Cadet he was shy  
He asked her if he could and this was her reply

You can do it if you wanna  
But you'd better do it right  
You'd better not do it  
Like you did the other night  
Cause if you do, I'm telling you  
I'll never let you do it again  
I rally mean it  
I'll never let you do it again.

A MAN WITHOUT A WOMAN

174

A man without a woman  
Is like a ship without a sail  
Is like a boat without a rudder  
Like a kite without a tail.

A man without a woman  
Is like a wreck upon the sand  
But if there's one thing worse in the universe

It's a woman, I said a woman  
I mean a woman without a man.

For you can roll a silver dollar  
Cross the bar room floor  
And it will roll, because it is round  
And a woman never knows what a good man she's got  
Untill she turns him down.

So honey listen, now honey listen to me  
I want you to understand  
That as a silver dollar goes from hand to hand  
A woman goes from man to man.

RED SCARFS  
(Tune-Strawberry Blonde)

175

Now the 12th fighter squadron they don't show me much  
While the Red Scarfs fly  
Their technique is bad and their bombing is sad  
While the Red Scarfs fly.

Their guns are corroded, their pilots are loaded  
Their cockpits are covered with dust  
They fly for awhile, but they ain't got no style  
While the Red Scarfs fly

DO YOU KEN MY SISTER TILLY

176

Do you ken my sister Tilly  
She's whore on piccadilly  
And my mother is the same upon the strand  
And my father sells his ass hole  
At the Elephant and Castle  
We're the finest whoring family in the land.  
When you wake up in the morning  
With your hands upon your knees

And the shadow of your penis on the wall  
And the hair a-growing thick  
Between your ass hole and your prick  
And the rats are playing snooker with your balls.

THE CHEETAS

177

Oh it is easy to see it's not the roosters  
For the roosters only crow  
And it is easy to see it's not the cobras  
For the cobras never put on such a wonderful show



# THE CHEETAS

(Con't)

Oh it is easy to see it's not the foxes  
For the foxes are too few  
Oh it's easy to see, who else could it be  
But the Cheetas, every time.

## MUSTANG'S RUN BY MERLIN

178

Mustang's run by Merlin, and Merlin's run by me  
I am run by (Sq CO), and he can climb a tree  
Oh we'll all hang old (Sq CO), to the top of the pole  
And we'll all be home by Christmas---  
In a pigs ass hole  
(Sq CO) is run by (Wg CO), and Wg CO run by AD CO  
AD CO run by AF CO knows where he can go  
Oh we'll hang old AF CO on the top of the pole  
And we'll all be home by Christmas  
In a pig ass hole.

## THE CANDLE SONG

179

All the nice girls love a candle  
Cause a candle has a wick  
And there's something about a candle  
That reminds them of a prick  
Nice and greasy, slips in easy  
It's the maidens' pride and joy  
You can hear them sing and hout  
As they pop it in and out  
Ship Ahoy! Ship Ahoy!

## ARIGATO FOR THE MEMORIES

180

(Tune-Thanks for the Memories)

Arigato for the memories  
Of train wrecks on the line  
Of Ginza marts and honey carts  
Arigato, so much.

Arigato for the memories  
Of steaks we couldn't eat  
Old left over meat  
Of powdered milk and girls in silk  
Kimonas on the street  
Arigato, so much.

Few are the times we've feasted  
And many's the time we've fasted  
R and R's were swell while they lasted  
We did have fun, and no harm done.

So Arigato for the memories  
Of special allied cars  
All the different bars  
Of whiskey cokes and dirty jokes  
Arigato, so much.

Arigato for the memories  
Of dead fish on the shore  
Rats behind the door  
The Kamakura Buha and brocades that we all wore  
Arigato so much.

Arigato for the memories  
Of snacks at the PX  
All those talks on sex  
The broken bones we suffered, in Takusan jeepo wrecks  
Arigato so much.

We say hello with martini's  
We'll say sayonara with saki  
The Japs won't forget all that khaki  
Honshu's not the same, but we're glad we came  
Arigato so much.

Arigato for the memories  
Of lanterns after dark  
Rickshaws in the park  
The funny names, the baseball games  
So Arigato, so much.

## AURALEE

181

As the blackbirds in the spring  
Neath the willow tree  
Sat and piped the song they sang  
Singing Auralee

Auralee--Auralee--Maid with the golden hair  
Sunshine came along with thee  
And shadows in your hair.

## TELL ME WHY

182

Tell me why, the ivy twines  
Tell me why, the stars do shine  
Tell me why, the ocean's blue  
I'll tell you why, it's because I love you.

Because God made, the ivy twine  
Because God made, the stars to shine  
Because God made, the oceans blue  
Because God made you, is why I love you.

# BATTLE HYMN

183

(Tune-Battle Hymn of the Republic)

We fly ourfucking Sabres ar 10,000 fucking feet  
We fly our fucking Sabres through the rain and snow and sleet  
And though we think we're flying south  
We're flying fucking north  
And we make our fucking landfall on the firth of fucking forth.

Chorus: Glory, glory halleluia, Glory, Glory Halleluia  
Glory, Glory Halleluia, (Insert last line each verse).

We fly those fucking Sabres at fuck all 1,000 feet  
We fly those fucking Sabres through the trees and corn and wheat  
And though we think we fly with skill  
We fly with fucking luck  
But we don't give a fucking damn or care a fucking fuck.

We fly those fucking sabres at 10,000 fucking feet  
We fly those fucking Sabres through the rain and snow and sleet  
And though we think we're flying up  
We're flying fucking down  
And we bust our fucking asses when we hit the fucking ground.

# SPANISH GUITAR

184

Oh the first port of call it was Aden, Aden  
Where the girls wouldn't screw, but we made 'em Made 'em

Chorus: Three dollars you pay, for a bang up each way  
And a tune on a Spanish Guitar plink, plink, plink  
Singing Hi-ziggy-ziggy, fuck a little piggy sideways  
Swish-swish  
My idea of a woman is a big fat whore  
Shit-bang, Fuck-stick  
Three dollars you pay, for a bang up each way  
And a tune on a Spanish Guitar plink, plink, plink.

Oh the next port of call it was Boston, Boston  
Where the girls wouldn't screw, but we forced 'em, forced 'em.

Oh the next port of call it was Malta, Malta  
Where the girls wouldn't but ought'a, oughta

Oh the next port of call it was Suwon, Suwon  
Where the girls they would do it for two won, two won

# IN THE TALL GRASS

185

In the tall tall grass  
Young Mary lay a-sleeping  
When out of the tall grass

A pilot came a-creeping  
With his long dingle dangle dingling  
Right down to his knee.

Three months have gone by  
Young Mary she grew bolder  
She wished that the pilot  
Would come and do it over  
With his long dangle dingle dangling

Six months have gone by  
And Mary she grew fatter  
The neighbors did wonder  
Just who had been at her  
With his long dingle dangle dingling  
Right down to his knee.

Nine months have gone by  
And Mary bust asunder  
And out jumped a pilot  
With his 67th number  
With his skoshe dangle dingle dangling  
Right down to his knee.

## THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAIN

186

The maid of the mountain  
She pisses like a little fountain  
Cause the hairs on her dickie-di-doo  
Hang down to her knees

One black one, one white one  
And one with a little shite on  
Cause the hairs on her dickie-di-doo  
Hang down to her knees

There's red one, there's a cherry one  
There's one with a dingle-berry on  
Cause the hairs on her dickie-di-doo  
Hang down to her knees.

I've been there, I've seen it  
I've been right between it  
Cause the hairs on her dickie-di-doo  
Hang down to her knees.

I've smelt it, I've felt it  
And it feels just like velvet  
Cause the hairs on her dickie-di-doo  
Hang down to her knees.

THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAIN

(Con't)

I've tangled, I've dangled  
I've fucking near got strangled  
Cause the hairs on her dickie-di-doo  
Hang down to her knees.

BYE BYE BLACKBIRD  
(Tune-Bye Bye Blackbird)

187

There was a man, he was no good  
He took a girlie in the wood  
He flies mustangs  
Then he took off all her clothes  
And her shoes, and her hose  
He flies Mustangs  
He took her where nobody else could find her  
Took a string and tied her hands behind her  
Walked away and began to sing  
Began to sing, ting-a-ling  
Mustangs, I fly.

SEPBSQA

(Don't ask me what that means--I don't know either)

188

Oh, I loved her and I kissed her in the moonlight  
And the moon shone bright all day  
Oh, I loved her and I kissed her in the moonlight  
And the moon shone bright all day  
Gol darn that moon.

MOTHER HUMBERS BALL  
(Tune-Darktown Strutters Ball)

189

Oh there's gonna be a ball at the Mother Humpers Hall  
The witches and the bitchesgonna be there all  
Now honey don't be late, cause they're passing out pussy, bout half  
past eight  
Now I've humped in France and I've humped in Spain  
I've been humpin' on the coast of MaineDat  
But the best piece I ever saw  
Was when I humped my mother in law  
Last Saturday night at the Mother Humpers Ball

TWO LADIES WERE CONFIDING  
(Tune-River Shannon Flows)

190

Two ladies were confiding  
On a streetcar where they were riding  
Oh they must have been school teachers  
Their conversation ran that way

(Con't)

TWO LADIES WERE CONFIDING  
(Tune-River Shannon Flows)

(Con't)

On said, "How many children do you have"  
She replied, "I've thirty thank you"  
And when the same was asked the other  
She said "I've got thirty two"  
An old, Irish Lady, seated across the aisle  
Said "I heard your conversation  
And I greet you with a smile  
You must have been grand ladies  
To have had so many babies  
But your husbands must have come from  
Where our River Shannon flows.

MINNIE THE MERMAID

191

Many's the night I spent with Minnie the Mermaid  
Down at the bottom of the sea  
Minnie lost her morals, down there among the corals  
Gee, but she was mighty nice to me  
Now many's the night with the pale moon shining  
Down on her seaweed bungalow  
Ashes to ashes, dust, to dust  
Two twin beds and only one of them mussed.

Now you can easily see, she's not my mother  
Because my mother's forty nine  
And you can easily see, she's not my sister  
Because I wouldn't show my sister  
Suck a hell-uv-a good time  
And you can easily see, she's not my serrrtheart  
Because my serrrtheart's too refined  
She's just a peach of a kid  
She never knew what she did  
She's just a personal friend of mine.

GLORIOUS

192

Now the first thing they prayde for  
They prayed for their king  
Glorious, glorious, glorious king  
If he have one son, May he also have ten  
May he have a fucken army, cried the airmen, Amen.

Chorus: Now the Squadron Leader and the Wing Commander  
And the Group Captain too  
Hands in their pockets eith fuck all to do  
Robbing the pay of the poor Axwy-Due  
May the lord shit you sideways  
Cried the airmen fuck you.

# GLORIOUS

(Con't)

Now the next thing they prayed for  
The prayed for their Queen  
Glorious, glorious, glorious Queen  
If she have one daughter, may she also have ten

Now the next thing they prayed for  
They prayed for their beer  
Glorious, glorious, glorious, beer  
If we have one beer, may we also have ten  
May we have a fucking brewery, cried the airmen. Amen

# DRUNK

193

Drunk lasr night, drunk the night Before  
Gonna get drunk tonight, as I've never been drunk before  
Cause when I'm drunk, I'm as happy as can be  
Cause I am a member of the souse family.

Now the souse family is the best family  
That ever came over from old Germany  
There's the Highland Dutch, and the Lowland Dutch.  
The Rotterdam Dutch and the Goddamn Dutch.

Singing Glorious, Glorious  
One keg of beer for the four of us  
Glory be to God that there are no more of us  
For one of us could drink it all alone, Damn Near  
Here's to the Irish, dead drunk ----- The lucky stiff.

# HARRIGAN

194

H--A, Double R--I, G--A--N spells Harrigan  
Sure I'm proud of all the Irich that's in me  
And a devil a man can say a work agin'me  
H--A, Double R--I, G--A--N, you see  
That's a name to which no shame has ever  
Been connected with Harrigan, that's me.

# KEYHOLE IN THE DOOR

195

I left the canteen early, it was shortly after nine  
And by a stroke of fortune, her room was next to mine  
Like any brave "Columbo" with regions to explore  
I took up my position by the keyhole in the door.

Chorus: Oh, the keyhole in the door, oh, the keyhole in the door  
I took up my position by the Keyhole in the door.

She crossed over to the fireplace her lovely figure to warm  
 With only a silken nightie to hide her gorgeous from  
 I prayed that she would take it off, just that and nothing more  
 By, God, I saw her do it through the keyhole in the door.

Now after many a pounding upon that paneled door  
 And after many a pleading, I crossed that threshold floor  
 And so no one would ever see what I had seen before,  
 I hung her silken nightie o'er the keyhole in the door.

That night I slept in clover and other things besides  
 And on that snow-white bosom I had a joyous ride  
 I awoke next morning early, my back it was so sore  
 You'd think I had been crawling through the keyhole in the door.

Now listen all you astronomers who think you are so wise  
 Who gaze with your long telescopes into the starry skies  
 One thing I have to tell you, one thing and nothing more  
 Your telescopes are "Bugger All" to the keyhole in the door.

## WHIFFENPOOF SONG

196

To the tables down at Maury's,  
 To the place where Louie dwells,  
 To the dear old Temple Bar we loved so well  
 Sing the Whiffenpoofs assembled  
 With their glasses raised on high,  
 And the magic of their singing casts a spell,  
 Yes, the magic of their singing  
 Of the songs we love so well,  
 "Shall I wasting" and Mavournee" and the rest.  
 We will serenade our Louie  
 While life and voice shall last  
 Then we'll pass and be forgotten like the rest.  
 We are poor little lambs who have lost our way,  
 Baa, baa, baa  
 We are poor little black sheep who have gone astray  
 Baa, baa, baa,  
 Gentlemen songsters off on a spree,  
 Damned from here to eternity.  
 God have mercy on such as we,  
 Baa, baa, baa.

## FUNICULE FUNICULA

197

Last night I stayed up late to masturbate.  
 It felt so good--I knew it would  
 Last night I stayed up late to beat my meat  
 It felt so nice--I did it twice.



You should really see me on the short strokes;  
 It feels so grand, I use my hand.  
 You must really catch me on the long strokes;  
 It feels so neat, I use my feet.

Shake it, break it, beat it on the floor;  
 Smash it, bash it, thrust it through the door;  
 Some people seem to think that fucking's grand,  
 But for all around enjoyment I prefer to use my hand.

SIXTEEN TIMES  
 (Tune--Sixteen tons)

198

Some people say a man is made out of fear,  
 But a fighter pilot's made out of whiskey and beer---  
 Whiskey and beer, rum and rye,  
 If you fly the dot your sure to spin in.

Chorus: You fly sixteen times, what d' you get  
 Another day older and your weapon is bent.  
 Col Donalson don't you call me, I'm weak and lame  
 I lost my ass in a poker game.

I woke one morning when the sun didn't shine  
 Got my 'chute and went down to the line  
 Down to the line to fly the "D"  
 But it was raining so hard I couldn't see.

I scrambled one morning with blood in my eye,  
 I'd had my fill of overholt rye---  
 Shot sixteen holes in a T-33  
 They're going to hang my ass from a coconut tree.

When you see me comin' better break to the right  
 "Cause the 46th Fighter had a party last ringt---  
 My eyeballs are red an' I'm mean as a bear,  
 Believe me musketeer, better clear the air.

I USED TO WORK IN CHICAGO

199

I used to work in Chicago, in a department store  
 I used to work in Chicago, I did but I don't any more  
 A lady came, she asked for a hat  
 I asked her what kind she adored  
 Felt she said, and felt her I did  
 I did but I don't any more

cake - layer	Glue - Paste	Food - Pet
Lamp - Floor	Cream - Massage	Razor - Injector
Birds - Love	Girdle - Rubber	Scarf - Neck

You smile your teeth fall out, your hair smells like sauerkraut  
 It's Tragic  
 The bugs desert the air, and rush to nestle in your hair  
 It's tragic  
 It takes one look to know you have no charms  
 You're just a bag of bones with long surrounding arms  
 Your eyes are big and round  
 There's one that's blue and one that's brown  
 It's Tragic  
 You part your hair in place  
 And it keeps sliding down your face  
 It's Tragic  
 And as tellmyself, These things that happen are not really true  
 Yet in my heart I know the tragedy is really you.

## INTO THE AIR 69ERS

201

Into the air 69ers,  
 Into the air upside down.  
 Into the air 69ers,  
 Set your sights and let's go down, we'll all go down.  
 And when we see those bastard Commies,  
 And we make them shit a pound.  
 You can bet those 69ers  
 Are all going down  
 Into the air 69ers  
 Onto your back, soixante-neuf"  
 We'll blast those MIG's 69ers.  
 And watch their ass go Poof, Poof, Poof.  
 And when you see those, "Golf-balls" flying.  
 And the flak begins to blast.  
 You can bet the 69ers  
 Will bite 'em in the ass.

## HORSE SHIT

202

There was a pilot of great renown,  
 There was a pilot of great renown,  
 There was a pilot of great renown,  
 Until he fucked a girl from our town---  
 Fucked a girl from our town--  
 Ha ha ha, ho ho ho, horse shit.

He laid her in a feather bed,  
 He laid her in a feather bed, he laid her in a feather bed,  
 And-then-he twisted out her maidenhead  
 Twisted out her maidenhead--  
 Ha ha ha, ho ho ho, horse shit.

(Con't)

He laid her on a winding stair,  
 He laid her on a winding stair,  
 He laid her on a winding stair,  
 And-then-he shoved it in clear up to there---  
 Shoved it in clear up to there---  
 Ha, ha ha, ho ho ho, horse shit.

He laid her down beside a stump,  
 He laid her down beside a stump,  
 He laid her down beside a stump,  
 And-then-he missed her cunt and split the stump---  
 Missed her cunt and split the stump---  
 Ha ha ha, ho ho ho, horse shit.

He laid her down beside a pond,  
 He laid her down beside a pond,  
 He laid her down beside a pond,  
 And-the-he fucked her with his magic wand,  
 Fucked her with his magic wand---  
 Ha ha ha, ho ho ho, horse shit.

He laid her on the dewey grass,  
 He laid her on the dewey grass,  
 He laid her on the dewey grass,  
 And-then=he shoved the old boy up her ass  
 Shoved the old boy up her ass  
 Ha ha ha, ho ho ho, horse shit.

He took her to the countryside,  
 He took her to the countryside,  
 He took her to the countryside  
 And-then-ho fucked the girl until she died,  
 Fucked the girl until she died,  
 Ha ha ha, ho ho ho, horse shit.

He took her to the burial ground,  
 He took her to the burial ground,  
 He took her to the burial ground,  
 And-then-he thought he'd have another round  
 Thought he'd have another round  
 Ha ha ha ha, ho ho ho -----HORSE SHIT, HORSE SHIT.

## RING THE BELL, VERGER

203

Ring the bell, Verger, ring the bell ring  
 Perhaps the congregation will condescend to sing  
 Perhaps the fucking organist sitting on his stool  
 Will play the fucking organ and not with his tool.

(Con't)

Up in the belfry bell ringer stands,  
Great fucking prick in fucking great hands.  
When from the pulpit preacher yells,  
"Stop pulling pud and start pulling bells".

Out in the garage chauffeur lies  
Vicar's wife between his thighs  
Vicar's coice comes from afar  
"Stop fucking wife and start fucking car!"

Out in the pantry butler sits  
Cook on his lad just a-playin' with her tits  
When from the kitchen mistress squeals,  
"Stop fucking cook and cook fucking meals!"

LITTLE RE LIGHT  
(Tune-"My blue Heaven")

204

A turn to the right, a little red light, will lead you to my re haven  
You'll see a smiling face on a pillowcase, a form devine.  
Just a little old whore who's been screwd before,  
A thousand times.  
Justt Molly and me, ther'll never be three.  
We're careful in our re haven.

DO YOUR BALLS HANG LOW  
(Tune-March of the Toy Soldiers)

205

Do your balls hang low, do they swing to and fro  
Can you tie them in a know can you tie 'em in a how  
Can you throw them o'er your shoulder like a European Soldier  
Do your balls hang low.

In days of old when knights were bold,  
They shit right in their britches,  
The wiped their ass with broken glass  
Those thoughtless sons of bitches.

In days of old when knights were bold,  
And woman were mere trifles  
They hung their balls upon the walls  
And shot them down with rifles.

In days of old when knights were bold,  
And women weren't particular.  
They binded them up against the wall  
And fucked them perpendicular.

In days of old when knights were bold,  
They wore all leather britches,  
The beat their pricks with hickory sticks  
And yell'd like sons of bitches.

(Tune-- Ruben, Reben, I've been Thinking)

Caviar comes from a virgin sturgeon  
Virgin Sturgwon is a very fine fish  
Virgin Sturgeon needs no urgin'  
That's why caviar is my dish.

Shad Roe comes from a scarlet shad fish  
Shad fish have a very sad fate  
Pregant shad fish is a sad fish  
Got that way without a mate.

Osyters they are fishy bivalves  
They ave youngsters in their shell  
How they diddle is a riddle  
But they do so what the hell.

The green sea turtle's mate is happy  
With her lovers winning way  
First he grips her with his flipper  
Then he flips the grips for days

Mrs clam is optimistic  
Shoots her eggs out in the sea  
Hopes her suitor is a shooter  
Hits the selfsame spot as she.

Give a thought to the happy codfish  
Always there when duty calls  
Female cod fish is an odd fish  
From her come your cod fish balls.

The trout is just a little salmon  
Just half grown and minus scales  
But the trout, just like the salmon  
Can't get on without his tail.

Luckiest fish are the comman stardish  
When for offspring they essay  
Yes my hearties they have parties  
In the good old fashioned way.

I fed caviar to my girl friend  
She was a virgin tried and true  
Now that virgin needs no urgin  
There ain't nothin' she won't do.

I fed caviar to my grandpa  
He was a man of ninety three  
Screams and shrieks were heard from grandma  
He had chased her up a tree.

I fed caviar to my grandma  
She came down out of that tree  
Now my grandma and my grandpa  
Start to raise a family

(Con't)

I fed some caviar to my rooster  
I fed some caviar to my cow  
Now the barnyard sure looks funny  
All the xows have feathers now.

JOIN THE AIR FORCE

207

Chorus: Oh, why did I join the air Force  
Mother dear, Dear mother knew best.  
Here I lie beneath a wreckage  
A sabre jet over my chest.

Now when you are out on a mission  
A MIG 15 makes a fine pass  
Reach over squeeze both of those handles  
The hell with the ship save your ass.

PILOT'S HEAVEN

(Tune- Ghost Riders in the Sky)

208

As we were flying through the sky  
One bright and sunny day,  
We spied a big black thunderstorm  
Alying in our way---  
Fly right on through, the colonel said,  
We do most anything,  
And now we're up in heaven  
And hear the angels sing.

Oh it's so very nice up here  
Away up in the sky,  
There no one here with hen-house ways  
There is no TDY  
The food is good, the CO'S swell  
We have no need to fear,  
There's no such thing as OCS---  
We all wear wings up here.

As we looked down on earth one day  
We saw a gruesome sight,  
It made our blood run very cold  
It turned our livers white,  
The whole command from Omaha  
Was headed up this way.  
We called our lord before us  
And all knelt down to pray.

The General told our boss, the Lord,  
Now this is not a prank,  
He shouted in a might voice  
Just what's your date of rank!  
The lord sat there--his head was bowed,  
The General shouted clear  
There's just not room in heaven  
For two CO's up here!

(Con't)

The lord he called us 'fore the throne  
 And these last words he said,  
 Your tour up here is done, my boys  
 Your might as well be dead,  
 We'll send you out on PCS  
 But names we cannot tell,  
 One half to go three nine o six,  
 The other half to H-E-L-L.

## BANG IT INTO LULU

209

Chorus: Bang it into Lulu  
 Bang it good and strong  
 What'll we do for banging  
 When Lulu's dead and gone.

Wish I was a pisspot  
 Under Lulu's bed  
 Every time she stooped to pee  
 I'd see her maidenhead.

Wish I was a finger  
 On Lulu's little hand  
 Every time she wiped her ass  
 I'd see the promised land.

Lulu had a baby  
 She had it on a rock  
 She couldn't call it Lulu  
 'Cause the bastard had a cock.

Lulu had a baby  
 She named it Sonny Jim  
 She threw it in the pisspot  
 To teach it how to swim

Last time I saw Lulu  
 I haven't seen her since  
 She was suckin' off a tiger  
 Through a barbed wire fence.

## IN THE SPRINGTIME

210

In the springtime, in the springtime  
 In the springtime of yore  
 I met a young lady who looked like a ---  
 Darling young maiden, as she lay in the grass  
 And gently rolled over to show me her---  
 Diamonds and Bracelets and little pet duck  
 And told be she'd teach me a new way to ---  
 Bring up my children and teach them to knit  
 While farmers in barnyards were shoveling out ---  
 Feed for their horses and cattle and sheep  
 In the springtime, in the springtime  
 In the springtime so sweet.

THE COMMIES LAMENT  
(Tune- Clementine)

211

Once a flier, do or dier, in his faithful Sabre true  
After bitchin, flew a mission, to the town of Sinianju  
Still in flight he, saw some mighty Russian MIG's upon his tail  
With a quiver, and a shiver, he let out an awful wail.

Chorus: Sayonara, Sayonara, Sayonara, Ah So Des  
If you find me, never mind me,  
I will be an awful mess.

Then a Mustang, went in busting, Just to see what he could do  
But alas, he made a pass and that was all, they got him too  
Thought an 80 I'm so great he'll never get a shot at me  
Wasn't gone long when his swan song  
Sounded just like this to me.

Then a Thunder Jet who hadn't blundered yet  
Thought he'd try it all alone  
Like a blotter hit the water, shook the hand of Davey Jones  
So the tally in MIG alley isn't quite like all the claims  
But as a fair course to the Air Force  
We won't mention any names.

OLD NUMBER NINE

212

Twass a dark and stormy night, not a star was in sight  
All the Mustangs were tied down to the line  
When in rain up to his ears, stood a lonely volunteer  
With his orders to fly old number nine.

His ass was racked with pain as he climbed into his plane  
And his bung hole was puckered fit to tie  
And he whispered a prayer as he climbed into the air  
For he knew that this was his night to die.

As he flew o'er Haga-ru he could see a school or two  
And the women and children very well  
But how was he to know that he'd fly so Goddamned low  
That his bomb blast would blow his ass to hell.

In the wreck he was found thinly spread out on the ground  
And the crunchies they raised his weary head  
With his life almost spent here's the message that he sent  
To his buddies who'd be sad to see him dead.

I used an 8 to 10 delay but it didn't work out that way  
Without a tail an F4U won't fly  
Tell the Skipper for me, that he now has twenty three  
He can roll up the ladder---Semper Fi.

COOL

213

I'm as cool as the tip of an eskimo's tool  
I'm as cool as a fish in a frozen pool  
Cool as a pane of frosty glass  
Cool as the fringe around a polar bear's ass



A big black bull came down from the mountain  
 Houston, Sam Houston  
 A big black bull came down from the mountain  
 Long time ago  
 Long time ago o o o, Long time o o o  
 A big black bull came down from the mountain  
 Long time ago

He spied a heifer in the pasture grazin  
 Houston, Sam Houston  
 He spied a heifer in the pasture grazin  
 Long time ago  
 Long time ago o o o, Long time ago o o o  
 He spied a heifer in the pasture grazin  
 Long time ago.

He jumped that fence and he yumped that heifer  
 Houston, Sam Houston  
 He yumped that fence and he yumped that heifer  
 Long time ago  
 Long time ago o o o, Long time ago o o o  
 He yumped that fence and he yumped that heifer  
 Long time ago.

He missed that heifer and pffft in the pasture  
 Houston, Sam Houston  
 He missed that heifer and pffft in the pasture  
 Long time ago  
 Long time ago o o o, Long ago o o o  
 He missed that heifer and pffft in the pasture  
 Long time ago.

The big black bull went back to the mountain  
 Exhausted, Exhausted  
 The big black bull went back to the mountain  
 Long time ago  
 Long ago o o o, Long time ago o o o  
 The big black bull went back to the mountain  
 Long time ago.

## I AIN'T GOT NO USE FOR THE WOMEN

215

I ain't got no use for the women;  
 A true one can never be found  
 They'll use a man for his money  
 When it's gone, they'll turn him down  
 They're all alike at the bottom  
 Selfish, and grasping for all  
 They'll stick by a man when he's winning  
 And laugh in his face at his fall.

I once knew a young cow puncher  
 Honest and upright and square  
 But he turned to a hard shootin gunman  
 And a woman put him there  
 He fellin with evil companions  
 The kind that are better off dead

(Con't)

When a gambler insulted her picture  
He filled him full of lead.

All thru that long night they chased him  
Thru mesquite and tall chaparral  
And I couldn't help think of her picture  
When I saw him pitch and fall  
If she'd been the pal she should have  
He might have been raising a son  
Instead of out on the prairie  
To die by a rangers gun.

Death's sharp sting did not trouble  
His chances for life were to slim  
But where they were putting his body  
Was all that worried him  
He lifted his head on his elbow  
The blood from his wound ran red  
He looked at his pals grouped around him  
And this is what he said.

"Bury me out on the prairie  
Where the coyotes howl over my grave  
Bury me out on the prairie  
But from them my bones please save  
Wrap me up in my blanket  
And bury me deep in the ground  
Cover me over with boulders of granite, huge and round".

So we buried him out on the prairie  
Where the coyotes they howl o'er his grave  
And his soul is now a resting from the unkind cut she gave  
And many another young puncher,  
As he rides past that pile of stones  
Recalls, of similar woman  
And thinks of his moulderin bones.

HINKY DI

216

Up in Korea midst high rocks and snow  
The poor Chinese Commie is feeling quite low  
For as the Corsairs roar by overhead  
He knows that his buddies all soon will be dead.

Chorus: Hinky di Dinky Dinky di  
Hinky di Dinky Dinky di.

Lin Pao went way up to cold Kato Ri  
His prize Chinese army in action to see  
He got there a half hour after the U's  
And all that he found was their hats and their shoes.

(Con't)

Run little chink men save your ass run  
 For 323 is out looking for fun  
 As the big white nosed Corsairs came down in their dives  
 You'll know the deathrattlers are after you lives.

Uncle Joe Stalin your stooges have found  
 It just doesn't pay to invade foreign ground  
 For when they disturb the severe morning calm  
 They brought on the rockets, bombs and napalm.

Here's to the 2-C, the vought people too  
 And their well known product the blue F4U  
 To all gyrene pilots and carriers at sea  
 And to the deathrattlers squadron ol' 323.

We fought at Pyong Yang and at Hagaru  
 At Kumbawa and Kaesang and Oyangbu  
 So here's to our pilots and here's to our crew  
 The target, the snake, and the blue F4U.

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS  
 (Tune- Old 97)

217

He was comin' on the downwind doin' one ninety per  
 When his Hundred went into a spin  
 He was found in the wreck with his hand on the throttle  
 And his body all covered with gin.

Now the Pratt man said, "It can't be the engine  
 'Cause that engine never chugs."  
 So upon examination, pulling blades in every station  
 They found it was the jet mix sludge.

Chorus: (Low and Soft) (Tune- Funeral March)  
 Ten thousand dollars going home to the folks  
 Ten housand dollars going home to the folks  
 Oh won't they be excited, Oh won't they be delighted  
 Just think of what they can buy  
 Ten thousand dollars going home to the folks.

I SAW HER SNATCH

218

I saw her "snatch" her satchel from the window  
 I held her for a moment in the rain  
 I kissed her "as" she hurried to the station  
 To see her brother "Jack off" the train.

TIE MY ROOT AROUND A TREE  
 (Tune- Chisolm Trail)

219

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a penny  
 She said boy you can't have any.

Chorus: Come and tie my root around a tree, round a tree  
 Come and tie my root around a tree.

(Con't)

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a nickel  
She said for that you don't even get a tickle.

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a dime  
She said young man you're wasting your time.

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a quarter  
She said young man I'm a preachers daughter

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a half  
She said young man you make me laugh

Reached in my pocket, pulled out six bits  
All she did was wiggle her tits.

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a buck  
She said young man you've bought a fuck.

Took her to the kitchen, laid her on the sink  
Oh my God how her pussy did stink.

Fucked her sittin' fucked her lyin'  
If I'd had wings I'd a fucked her flyin'.

I awoke in the morning, and guess what I saw  
Fifteen chancers and a big blue ball.

I went to the doctor, cause my pecker was sore  
My God said the doctor you've been taken by a whore.

And now you can see, I'm a perckerless man  
I fuck em with my finger and fool em when I can.

Now the last time I saw her, and I haven't seen her since  
She was jacking off a doggie through a barbed wire fence.

## CREEPING AND CRALING

220

One night as I was crawling and creeping, creeping, creeping  
I spied a young maiden so peacefully sleeping  
So roll you leg over, so roll your leg over, over more

I said to her can I come to bed with you  
And then she replied you're not handcuffed or tied  
So roll you leg over, so roll your leg over, over more.

Her drawers were tight and I could not get in them  
And then she replied there's a knife on the table

The knife was sharp and her drawers split asunder  
And then we were banging like lightening and thunder  
So roll your leg over, so roll your leg over, over more. (Con't)

CREEPING AND CRAWLING (Con't)

In about nine months lay the poor maid asunder  
And then she remembered the lightning and thunder  
So roll your leg over, so roll your leg over, over more.

HUMORESQUE

221

Passengers will please refrain  
From flushing the toilets while the train  
Is standing in the station, I love you  
As we go strolling through the park  
And goosing shadows in the dark  
If Shermans horse can take it, why can't you.

You're the guy that did the pushing  
Put the wet spots on the cushion  
Foot prints on the dash board upside down  
Ever snice you met my daughter  
She's had trouble passing water  
Wish that you had never come to town.

I'm the guy that did the pushing  
Put the wet spots on the cushion  
Foot prints on the dash board upside down  
Since I met your daughter Venus  
I've had trouble with my penis  
Wish I'd never seen this God damn town.

I LOVE A BILLBOARD

222

I love a billboard, I always will  
A sexy billboard gave me, my first thrill  
When I was only a little chil  
A sexy billboard drove me wild.

HERE' TO \_\_\_\_\_

223

Here's to \_\_\_\_\_, he's true blue  
He's a drunkard through and through  
He's a drunkard so they say  
Oh he tried to go to Heaven  
But he went the other way  
So drink chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug  
So drink chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug, shug-a-lug.

PADDY MURPHY

224

Have you ever been in an Irishmans shanty  
Where whiskey is plenty and the money is scanty  
A bed on the floor, a roof of thatch  
And a string on the door instead of a latch  
Now there were icepicks and toothpicks  
And all kinds of lunatics, ice cream and cold cream  
The girls were drinking kerosene.

(Con't)

Now the night that Paddy Murphy died is one I'll not forget  
 The boys they started drinking and some ain't sober yet  
 Now the night that Paddy Murphy died  
 They came from far and near  
 They took the ice right off the corpse, and put it in the beer.

And that's how we showed our respect for Paddy Murphy  
 That's how we showed our honor and our pride  
 That's how we showed our respect for Paddy Murphy  
 On the night that Paddy died.

## THE HAIRY CHESTED EIGHT SIX

225

We're from the Eight Six  
 The hairy chested Eight Six  
 Whenever we go out and have a ball  
 We take delight in stirring up a fight  
 And knocking hawks and tigers in the head  
 Till they're dead.  
 HA, HA, HA,  
 HO, HO, HO,  
 HEE, HEE, HEE,

We have gotten  
 A rep for being rotten  
 We put poison in our CO's Cream of Wheat  
 We're from the Eight Six  
 The hairy chested Eight Six  
 And we eat (ROAR) Raw Meat!  
 (Call the waiter - More Beer)

## THE MOST CHIVILROUS FISH

226

The most chivilrous fish in the ocean  
 To ladies forbearing and mild  
 Though his record be dark, is the man-eating shark  
 Who will eat neither woman or child.

He dines upon seamen and skippers  
 And a tourist will his hunger aswage  
 And a fresh cabin boy, will inspire him with joy  
 If he's past the maturity age.

A doctor a lawyer or preacher  
 He'll gobble up any fine day  
 But the ladies, God Bless 'em, he'll only address 'em  
 Politely and go on his way.

I can readily dite you an instance  
 Of a lovely young lady from Broom  
 Who was tender and sweet, and delicious to eat  
 And fell into the bay with a scream.

(Con't)

She struggled and flounced in the water  
 And signaled in vain for her barque  
 She would surely have drowned, if she had not been found  
 By a chivilrous man-eating shark.

He bowed in his manner most charming  
 Thus soothing her impulses wild  
 Don't be frightened, he said, I've been properly bred  
 And will eat neither woman nor child.

He proffered his fin and she took it  
 Such gallantry sone can dispute  
 And the passengers cheered, as the vessel they neared  
 And the broadside was fired in salute.

They soon were alongside the vessel  
 A life saving dinghy was lowered  
 With a pick of the crew, and her relatives too  
 And the mate and the skipper aboard.

They had her on board in a jiffy  
 The shark stood attention the shile  
 Then he raised up his flipper, and gobbled up the skipper  
 And went on his way with a smile.

This shows that the king of the ocean  
 To ladies forbearing and mild  
 Though his record be dark, is the man-eating shark  
 Who will eat neither woman nor child.

## LETS HAVE A PARTY

227

Parties make the world go round  
 Parties make the world go round  
 Parties make the world go round  
 So lets have a party.

We're gonna tear down the bar in your town  
 We're gonna build a new bar  
 It's only gonna be one foot wide  
 But it'll be a mile long  
 There'll be no bartenders in our bar  
 We're gonna have barmaids

Boo  
 Ray  
 Boo  
 Ray  
 Boo  
 Ray

Our barmaids will wear long dresses  
 Made of cellophane  
 You can't take our barmaids home  
 They'll take you home  
 You can't sleep with our barmaids  
 They won't let you sleep  
 Beer's gonna be 50¢ a glass  
 Whiskey free  
 Only one to a customer  
 Served in buckets

Boo  
 Ray  
 Boo  
 Ray  
 Boo  
 Ray  
 Boo  
 Ray  
 Boo  
 Ray

LETS HAVE A PARTY (Con't)

We're gonna throw all the beer in the river	Boo
They we'll all go for a swim	Ray
No girls allowed above the first floor	Boo
With their clothes on	Ray
There'll be no loving on the dance floor	Boo
And no dancing on the loving floor	Ray

Parties make the world go round  
Parties make the world go round  
Parties make the world go round  
SO LET'S HAVE A PARTY.

SHANTY TOWN

228

There's a shanty in the town on the little plot of ground  
With the green grass growin all around, all around  
The roofs so worn so badly torn that it tumbles to the ground  
Just a tumble down shack and its built way back  
"bout twenty-five feet from the railroad tracks  
Lingers on my mind most all of the time  
Keeps calling me back to my little grass shack  
I'd be just as sassy as Haile Selasse  
If I were a king wouldn't mean a thing  
Put my boots on tall read the writing on the wall  
And it wouldn't mean a thing, not a doddamned thing  
There's a queen waiting there in a rocking chair  
Just blowing her top on Gaitors beer  
I'm looking all around and trucking on down  
'Cause I gotta get back to my shanty town.

MOM'S IN BED

229

Mom's in bed, Pops on top  
Kid's in the cradle say'n shoot it to her pop

Moms in bed, pops in jail  
Sis is in the gorner yellin pussy for sale

Moms in the kitchen, pops locked up  
My hunch-backed brothers got my sister knocked up  
Got a model T Ford, a tank full of gas  
A mouth full of titty and a hand full of ass  
Haven't got a nickel, haven't got a dime  
A house full of kids and none of them mine.

STREET CLEANER SONG  
(Tune---Carolina In The Morning)

230

Nothing could be meaner  
Than to be a street cleaner  
In the Morning  
Nothing could be bluer  
Than to pick up horse manure  
In the morning.

(Con't)



When the horses unload  
That's what I really hate  
Cleaning up horse manure  
From four AM till eight  
Strolling with my pushcart  
When the breezes smell like cheeze  
In the morning

There's nothing more I fear  
Than a horse with diarrhea  
In the morning  
Why can't they drop those little balls  
That don't stick to my overalls  
In the morning  
If I had Alladins lamp for only a day  
I would make a wish or two  
And here's what I'd say  
I wish they would put classes  
All around those horses asses  
In the morning.

## SOUTH OF THE BORDER

231

That louse of a boarder  
Who else could it be  
While I was away at work  
That lousy jerk filled in for me  
Oh I didn't get angry  
Though it's driving me wild  
For he may be the father of my only child.

Oh the baby's forst words were manana  
It was then I could plainly see  
That it was a real mexican  
And there's no Spanish blood in me.

Oh I stabbed that boader  
I stabbed him that day  
I cut him from the Rio Grande to the Sante Fe  
I cut off his boleros  
Now he'll never play  
South of the border, in a Mexican way.

## DRINKIN RUM AND COLA COLA

232

Since the 45th came to Sidi Slimane  
They've got the French girls going insane  
The French girls say they treat them nice  
And they give them a better price.

Chorus: Drinkin rum and coca cola  
Go down Port Lyautey  
Both mother and daughter  
Working for a Yankee dollar.

(Con't)

In French Morocco it is mighty clear  
The Frenchman gets one can of beer  
While the 45th leads a life so fine  
Just making whoopee all the time.

The SAC boys came to Sidi this year  
The girls all thought that they were queer  
They don't dance, they just drink beer  
They're glad that the 45th is here  
The bomber jockeys came and left the girls so cold  
They acted like a million years old  
They don't spend money so they say  
The wives in the states get all their pay.

Before we landed on this field  
The Officers Club showed little yield  
But now we'll build a club De Lux  
The 45th is on the books.

The American arms so they say  
Allow Frauleins only through the day  
There's that click click click all the night  
But the O.D. says it's quite all right.

Chorus: Drinkin rum and cocacola  
Go down to Walhalla  
Both mother and daughter  
Working for the yankee dollar.

Up in Deutschland it is clear  
The girls don't drink much gin or beer  
They will play and they will sin  
But you've got to give up your Sabrepin.

Up in Frankfurt late one night  
Our tech rep got mighty tight  
Made passionate love to a blonde in black  
Now they're takin stitches in his back.

TO THE TABLES DOWN AT SIDI  
(Tune- Whiffenpoof Song)

233

To the tables down at Sidi  
To the place where Chester dwells  
To the dear old Dallas Bar we loved so well  
Sang the motley crew assembled  
With their glasses raised on high  
And the horror of their singing sounds like hell.

Yes, the horror of their singing  
Of the songs that should sound well  
While we're wasting all the morning and our rest  
We will serenade our Chester  
While life and limb shall last  
Till he's gone and been forgotten in the past.

(Con't)

We're the 3906th who have gone astray  
 Baa, baa, baa  
 We'll try to be good till rotation day  
 Baa, baa, baa  
 Officers, gentlemen, try to be  
 We think we'll be here till eternity  
 Oh, please send a replacement for me  
 Baa, baa, baa.

At the choir practice nightly  
 All the songs are sweet and low  
 Till that good old demon rum begins to flow  
 Then tonsils they get rusty  
 And the voices get off key  
 And the wives declare that now they have to go.

The women leave discretely  
 And the songs get more risque  
 And tales of war are told by those who fly  
 They fight the war in Burma  
 And the war in Europe too  
 And each one tries tell a bigger lie.

We are members of the Sidi choir  
 La, la, la  
 We will sing the song that you desire  
 La, la, la  
 Cocks men we profess to be  
 Full of scotch type energy  
 Hope we live on past this spree  
 La, la, la.

ROTATIONAL EVE  
 (Tune- Red River Valley)

234

Life in Sidi Slimane is so peaceful  
 But the rumors are true that we've heard  
 The quiet is soon to be broken  
 By arrival of SAC's 303rd.

From old Tucson they say they are leaving  
 Leaving homes and sweet lovin wives  
 They will come here to old French Morocco  
 And complicate all of our lives.

Now they'll have lots of aircraft and people  
 And they'll have at least thirty I know  
 Who will spend all of their waking moments  
 Making work for the base AIO.

But we'll not be about to get excited  
 For the answer to most of our fears  
 Is to pass on the buck just as always  
 Straight on to the Corps of Engineers.

(Con't)

The odds are what we cannot please them  
There are sure to be waits and delays  
But if we can stand it for two years  
They can stand it for just thirty days.

## NAUGHTY LITTLE DOG

235

Once I had a naughty little dog  
A naughty little dog was he  
I loaned him to a lady friend  
To keep her company.

Now all around the house that night  
That naughty little dog did hunt  
He'd stick his nose beneath her dress  
And try to smell her----

Shame on you you naughty little dog  
You make my temper rise  
There's only one man in this whole world  
Who can sleep between her-----

Thank the lady for the wine  
I'll drink it for my supper  
Damn the man who's got a girl  
And ain't got the guts to-----

Fumble fumble all around  
It's time that we should start  
I ate some beans for supper  
And I think I'm going to-----

Forty dollars I will bid  
And six bits I will pass  
Damn the girl that stole my dice  
And stuck them up her-----

Ask your partner for her name  
I need it for a list  
Excuse me while I go outside  
And try to take a-----

Pistol belt around my hips  
And around this town I'll frolic  
Take your partners in the house  
While he plays with his-----

Ball, play ball the umpire cried  
Oh how that man can hit  
Take him to the alley  
Cause I think he's going to-----

(Con't)

Shame on you, you naughty little boy  
You know that mule will kick  
And there you stand behind him  
With your hand upon his-----

Prick the elephant with the prod  
To hear the monster yell  
If he should step upon you  
He would smash you all to----

Help, help, the sailor cried  
As through the sea he swam  
Swim or sink the skipper said  
Cause I don't give a-----

Damn my hide for every little thing  
I'll sing a little more  
Once, I sat in a parlor  
With my arms around a -----

Hold on there my pretty little girl  
What is it that you say  
If you should sit on another mans lap  
You'd get a dose of -----

Clap, clap, clap your hands  
My song will never last  
If you don't like this song I sing  
You can kiss my bloody ass.

SIDI SLIMANE SONG  
(Tune- On top of Old Smoky)

236

Now gather round closely, and we'll sing this refrain  
Bout life in Morocco, at Sidi Slimane  
There's not enough women, to grace this bare land  
But there's plenty of rag heads, Cactus and sand.

The heat in the daytime, will wither your soul  
While all the long evenings, you shiver with cold  
It's so hot in old Sidi, where no river flows  
You'd think hell was above you, and heaven below.

Each man here will tell you, that he's malassigned  
And the Air Force commanders, have all lost their minds  
We here in Siddi, want to know why we're here  
And we'll not find our answer, in a big glass of beer.

So we'll try some rye whiskey, and we'll try some rum  
And a gallon of cognac, and the answer will come  
We need some equipment, and we need some supplies  
But any improvement, will be a surprise.

(Con't)

Work from dawn till sunset, on many big deals  
While those boys from division, are draggin their heels  
The boys you will notice, who take it so hard  
Are recalled reservists, and the Air National Guard.

While I'm sitting here singing, I've had an idea  
It's rough in Morocco, but death in Korea.

## LET OLE MOTHER NATURE HAVE HER WAY

237

Boy-san wipe away them tears  
We're goin down to the house of mirrors  
To let ole mother-nature have her way  
Goin to look into them mirrors of glass  
An watch myself get a piece of ass.  
Lettin ole mother nature have her way.

Chorus: Closer, come a skoshi bit closer  
Oh there ain't no use to dick around this way  
Put your belly close to mine  
We're gonna go pom-pom four or five times  
To let ole mother nature have her way.

Moshi-moshi Boy-san make a skoshi trip  
Down to the Officers Club at the strip  
To let ole mother nature have her way  
We're goin down to that glorified pub  
Known as the Allied Officers Club  
To let ole mother nature have her way.

Shrimp cocktails and a great big steak  
Will really put us on the make  
To let ole mother nature have her way  
But before we go down to that palace of sin  
We better load up with a few thousand Yen  
To let ole mother nature have her way.

Hooray now here we are at last  
Mama-san parade them jo-sans past  
To let ole mother nature have her way  
Now that 'un's as cute as a pup with specks  
Them chi-chi's didn't come from no P.X.  
Just let ole mother nature have her way.

Mama-san I'll take that one over there  
With the great big chi-chi's and the sukoshie hair  
To let ole mother nature have her way  
Oh it shorely seems an awful sin  
To pay this jo-san a thousand yen  
To let ole mother nature have her way.

Hai, hai, so desu, suki desho  
Keredomo shakuhachii suki nai yo  
To let ole mother nature have her way.

Oh you wake up in the morning feeling like shit  
And nine days later it starts to drip  
To let ole mother nature have her way  
You tell Doc Beetlebaum the fix you're in  
He fills your ass full of penicillin  
To let ole mother nature have her way.

But you will really begine to curse yore fate  
When yore shankers brak out as big as pie plate  
To let ole mother nature have her way  
Down to Doc Beetlebaum's office again  
To get yore ass full of aureomycin  
To let ole mother nature have her way.

Then one fine mornin you jump out of the sack  
To find the little son-of-a-bitch has turned coal black  
To let ole mother nature have her way  
The doc says stand on your toes and cough  
Imagine his surprise when yore balls fall off  
To let ole mother nature have her way.

Don't worry doc Beetlebaum tells you the score  
They'll never be missed on your next 60-4  
To let ole mother nature have her way  
But you'll sound a little funny transmittin for a fix  
(High Voice) Hello D F Homer one, two, three, four, five, six  
To let ole mother nature have her way.

WE SOLD OUR COW 238

We sold our cow  
We sold our cow  
We've got no use  
For your bull now.

CLOVIS 239

He stood before the pearly gate  
His face was scarred and old  
He stood before the man of fate  
For admission to the fold  
"What have you don?" St Peter said  
"I've been a fighter pilot, sir,  
For many and many years  
I've fought the dust and flown the 'D'  
With the frozen chosen few  
I've been at Clovis Air Force Base  
And parts of Texas too.  
The pearly gates swung open wide  
St Peter thouched the bell  
"Come in and chose your harp, my friend  
You've had your share of Hell".

I just called up to tell you that I'm rugged but right  
 A thief and a gambler and I'm drunk every night  
 I eat a porterhouse steak three times a day for my board  
 More than any ordinary guy can afford  
 I got a big 'lectric fan to keep me cool when I sleep  
 A good looking gal to play around with my feet  
 I'm just a rambling man, a gamblin' man, drunk every night  
 I just called up to tell you that I'm rugged but right.

I just called up to tell you that I'm rugged but right  
 A thief and a gambler and I'm drunk every night  
 I've got the hips that sank the ships of England, France and Peru  
 And if you're like Napoleon, it's your Waterloo  
 I'll take a fifteen intermission in the Ford V-8  
 I'd like to make it longer but I've got a late date  
 My motto is "Sin be gone with the wind" so lets be breezy tonight  
 I just called up to tell you that I'm rugged and right.

REMEMBER

242

Remember the night, when you were tight, my darling, remember  
 When I was on heat, and said you might, my darling, remember  
 Remember you found a tender spot, right in the middle of my twot  
 You said you'd withdraw before you shot  
 But you forgot to remember.

DRINKING SONG

243

What's the use of drinking tea  
 Indulging in sobriety  
 Teetotald perversity  
 It's healthier to booze.

What's the use of milk and water  
 These are drinks that never alter  
 Be aloud in any quarter  
 Come on lose your blues.

Mix yourself a shandy  
 Drown yourself in brandy  
 Sherry sweet or whisky neat  
 Or any other liquor that is handy.

What's the blinking sense in drinking  
 Anything that doesn't make you stinking  
 There is nothing quite like sinking  
 Blotto to the floor.

Aberrations metabolic  
 Ceilings that are hyperbolic  
 These are for the alcoholic  
 Lying on the floor.

(Con't)



Vodka for your auntie  
 Gin to make you hearty  
 Lemonade was only made  
 For drinking when your mothers' at the party.

Steer clear of home made beer  
 Or anything that isn't labelled clear  
 There is nothing else to fear  
 Bottoms up my boys.

## UP THE DUFF

244

My girl-friend's up the duff in Canberra city,  
 She's only got another month to go  
 I took her out to Luna Park, and went aboard the dipper  
 Then coming down the stairs I tried my very best to trip her  
 It looks as tho' it's going to be a very stubborn nipper  
 For she's only got another month to grow  
 She's gone about as far as she can go.

She told me many months ago that it was getting late  
 According to the calendar I've only one to wait  
 Four weeks and a day or two should be the opening date.

I took her to the doctor, I took her to a quack  
 I took her on a motor bike over bumpy tracks  
 But I expect a rebate on my next year's income tax.

## THE COLONEL'S LAMENT

245

The 523rd went out to fly one dark and stormy night  
 And as they taxied past I heard the old Colonel say  
 The 523rd is gonna' fly, it makes me mighty proud  
 To know I have one squadron who will penetrate a cloud.

The Five and Dime went out to fly one bright and sunny day  
 And as they taxied past I heard the old Colonel say  
 The Five and Dime is gonna' fly, I've got a right to sweat  
 They auger in a booger up-I'll loose my eagles yet.

Chorus: What a bunch of meatheads! What a bunch of schmoos!  
 The PAF and-Navy can stay, but they have to go!

A LOST FIGHTER PILOT  
 (Tune-The Wiffenpoof Song)

246

In the sky at angels 40  
 In a thunderstorm so black  
 Sat a pilot in his delta Dagger Jet  
 Now his engine was a'chuggin and he thought the end was near  
 But he didn't want to buy the farm just yet  
 Now his TACAN wasn't pointing and his radar set was bent  
 And the fuel in his tanks was going fast  
 So he pressed the black mike button and breathed into the air  
 MAYDAY-MAYDAY-RAISOR-RAISOR save my ass.

(Con't)

I'm a poor fighter pilot on a cross-country, S-O-S  
That I'm lost you can plainly see, S-O-S  
It's so lonely way up here  
Just get me back and I'll buy the beer  
S-O-S.

## DOWN IN THE VALLEY

247

The first time I saw her she was all dressed in white,  
All in white, all in white, my God, her cunt was tight,  
Down in the valley, where she followed me.  
The next time I saw her she was all dressed in brown,  
All in brown, all in brown, I took her inckers down,  
Down in the valley where she followed me.

The next time I saw her she was all dressed in green,  
All in green, all in green, I filled her soup tureen,  
Down in the valley, where she followed me.  
The next time I saw her she was all dressed in fawn,  
All in fawn, all in fawn, two little bastards born,  
Down in the valley where she followed me.

The next time I saw her she was all dressed in red,  
All in red, all in red, two little bastards dead,  
Down in the valley where she followed me.  
The next time I saw her she was all dressed in black  
All in black, all in black, boards nailed across her crack,  
Down in the valley where she followed me.

## KHARTOUM

248

There's bags of batchy airmen, waydown in the sunny Soudan  
Where everyone is batch and so's the fucking old man  
There's bags and bags of bullshit, saluting on the square  
And when we're not saluting we're up in the fucking air.

We're leaving Khartoum by the light of the moon  
We travel by night and by day  
As we pass Kasfereit, we'll have fuck all to eat  
'Cause we've thrown all our rations away.

Shire, Shire, Somersetshire,  
The skipper looks on her with pride  
He'd have a blue fit if he saw any shit  
On the side of the Somersetshire.

This is my story, this is my song,  
I've been in this Air Force too fucking long  
So bring on the Rodney, the Nelson, renown  
They can't bring the Hood, 'cause the fuckers gone down  
Tooralay, Tooralay,  
Oh, we'll fuck all the SPs who come down our way.

My Grandfather's cock was too long for his Jock  
 So it drug niney years on the floor  
 It was longer by half than the old man himself  
 Though it weighed no a pennyweight more  
 It was found on the morn of theday that he was born  
 And was always his pleasure and pride  
 But it drooped wilted, never to rise again  
 When the old man died  
 Ninety years without limbering  
 What a cock, what a cock!  
 His pieces of ass numbering  
 What a cock, what a cock!  
 But it drooped, wilted never to rise again  
 When the old man died.

## MY FAMILY

250

Have you met my Uncle Hector  
 He's a cock and ball inspector  
 At a celebrated English public school  
 And my brother sells French letters  
 And a patent cure for wetters  
 We're not the best of familys, aint it cruel?  
 My little sister lily, is a whore on Piccadilly  
 My mother is another on the Strand,  
 My father hawks his arse-hole  
 Round the Elephant and Castle,  
 We're the finest fuckin family in the land.

There's a gentlemen's convenience  
 A short way down the Strand  
 And the Ladies is a little further on  
 For a penny on deposit, you can sit upon the closet  
 But a season's ticket costs you half a crown.

## BRITISH GRENADIERS

251

Some die of diabetes, and dome of diarrhoea,  
 Some die of drinking whisky and some of drinking beer  
 But of all the world's diseases there's none that can compare  
 With the drip, drip, drip, from the end of your prick  
 Of the British Gonorrhea.

## RO-TIDDLE-EE-O

252

Oh Mr Fisherman, home from the sea  
 Have you any lobsters you can sell to me.

Chorus: Singing Ro-tiddle-ee-o, shit or bust,  
 Never let your bollocks dangle in the dust.

"Yes" said the fishermen I have two,  
 The biggest of the bastards I will sell to you

I wrapped the lobster up and I took the bastards home  
 I showed it to the missus but she was on the phone.

(Con't)

I opened up the fridge but I couldn't find a dish  
So I put it in the place where the missus has a piss.

Now half-way through the night as you must know  
The missus got up to have a so-and-so.

Now the missus gave a squeal and the missus gave a grunt  
When the silly fucking lobster bit her on the cunt.

Now I picked up a mop and the missus grabbed a broom.  
And we chased that fucking lobster all around the room.

Now we hit on the head and we hit it on the side  
We hit that fucking lobster till the bastard died.

There's a moral to this story and the moral is this,  
Always have a shuffy before you have a piss.

That's the end of this story and there isn't any more  
There's an apple up my arse-hole, you can have the core.

## ROLL ME OVER

253

Now this number one, and the song has just begun,  
Now this is number two, and he's got me in a stew  
Now this is number three, and his hand is on my knee  
Now this is number four, and he's got me on the floor  
Now this is number five, and his hand is on my thight,

Chorus: Roll me over lay me down and do it again,  
Roll me over in the clover,  
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.

Now this is number six, and he's got me in a fix  
Now this is number seven, and I think I am in heaven  
Now this is number eight, and the doctor's at the gate,  
Now this is number nine, and the twins are doing fine  
Now this is number ten, and he's started once again.

## I WANT TO PLAY PIANO IN A WHOREHOUSE

254

I want to play piano in a whorehouse  
That is my one desire  
Some may be bankers or ranchers out in Butte  
I just want to play in a house of ill repute  
You may laugh at this my humble advocation  
But carnal copulation is here to stay  
I don't want fame or riches  
I just want to play for those old bitches  
I want to play piano in a whorehouse.

There once was bloody sparro, what lived up bloody spout  
 Along came bloody rainstorm and washed that bugger out  
 Along came bloody sparrow hawk, and spied him in his snuggery  
 "E sharpened up his beak and claws, and chewed him up to buggery  
 Along came bloody sporting type, complete with bloody gun  
 He shot that bloody sparrow hawk, right up his bloody bung  
 The moral of this story, so plain to everyone  
 That them that lives up bloody spouts  
 Don't have much bloody fun.

OH JOHNNY.

256

Oh, Johnny, Oh Johnny, Look waht you've got  
 Oh, Johnny, Oh, Johnny, I'll tell my mum,  
 You've put me in the family way,  
 Whatever will my daddy say,  
 Oh, Johnny, Oh, Johnny, I'm six months gone,  
 Three more months to go,  
 If you value your life, you will make me your wife  
 Oh, Johnny, Oh, Johnny, OH.

CATS ON THE ROOF TOPS (JOHN PEEL)

257

CHORUS: Cats on the rooftops, cats on the tiles,  
 Cats with the syphilis, the clap and the piles,  
 Cats with their arse-holes wreathed in smiles,  
 As they revel in the joys of copulation.

The donkey is a solitary moke  
 He very seldom gets a poke  
 But when he does, he comes in streams  
 As he revels. . .

Hippopotamus so it seems  
 Very seldom has wet dreams  
 But when he does, he comes is streams  
 As he revels.....

Poor old bovine, poor old bull  
 Very seldom gets a pull  
 But when he does, the cow is full  
 As he revels.....

Poor little tortoise in his shell  
 Doesn't manage very well  
 But when he does he fucks like hell  
 As he revels.....

Now the hairy old gorrilla is a sedentary ape  
 Who very seldom does much rape  
 But when he does he comes like tape  
 As he revels.....

(Con't)

Bow-legged women shit like goats  
 Bald headed men all fuck like stoats  
 While the congregation sits and gloats  
 And revels in.....

Now I met a girl and she was a dear  
 But she gave me a dose of gonorrhea  
 Fools rush in where angels fear  
 To revel.....

Do you ken John Peel with his coat so gay  
 He's a dirty old sod so all men say  
 For he can't toss off in the normal way  
 So his hounds lick his horn in the morning

When you wake up in the morning and you're feeling full of joy  
 And your wife isn't willing and your daughter isn't coy  
 Then you've got to use the arse-hole of your eldest boy  
 As you revel.....

When you wake up in the morning with a ten inch stand  
 And there isn't any woman in the whole of the land  
 Then there's nothing for it but to use your hand  
 An you revel in the joys of copulation.

## ANGELES POM-POM SONG

258

Have you ever been in the Philippines  
 The place is full of Pom-pom queens  
 The clap is bad, but the syph is worse  
 So flub your dub for safety first

Chorus: Singing rum and coca cola, come down to old Angeles  
 Both mother and daughter, working for the GI dollar

The women with their dirty feet  
 Walk up and down Angeles street  
 They come up close and whisper low  
 "How about a little pom-pom, Joe"

The Philippines pimp is very smart  
 He gets his dough before you start  
 The pom-pom there is very nice  
 But twenty pesos is a helluva price

## DINAH

259

We've been working on the railroad,  
 All the live long day,  
 We've been working on the railroad,  
 Just to pass the time away  
 Can't you here the whisle blowing,  
 At night or early in the morn,  
 Can't you hear the whistle blowing  
 Oh, Dinah blow your horn.

(Con't)

Dinah, won't you blow, Dinah won't you blow  
 Dinah, won't you blow your hor-or-orn,  
 Dinah, won't you blow, Dinah, won't you blow,  
 Dinah, won't you blow your horn.

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah,  
 Someone's in the kitchen I know, I know  
 Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah  
 Strumming on the old banjo.

Singing fee-fi-fiddle-E-I-O  
 Fee-Fi-Fiddle-E-I-O-I-O-O  
 Fee-Fe-Fiddle E-I-O  
 Strumming on the old banjo.

## THE SHIEK OF ARABY

260

I'm the shiek of Araby, Your heart belongs to me  
 At night when you're asleep, Into your tent I'll creep  
 The stars that shine above, Will light our way to love  
 Oh rule this land with me, I'm the shiek of Araby.

## DEAR OLD DAD

261

I want a beer  
 Just like the beer  
 That pickled dear old dad  
 It was a beer  
 And the only beer  
 That daddy ever had  
 A good old fashioned beer  
 With lots of foam  
 Took ten men to carry daddy home  
 I want a beer  
 Just like the beer  
 That pickled my old dad.

## MY RED HAVEN

262

When whip-poor-wills call  
 And evening is nigh  
 I hurry to my red haven  
 A turn to the right  
 A little red light  
 Will lead you to my red haven  
 You'll see a smiling face on the pillow case  
 A form devine  
 A little ole W \_\_\_\_\_ whos been S \_\_\_\_\_ before a million times  
 Just Mollie and me  
 There'll never be three  
 We're careful in our red haven.

It was tough in old Manila nila nila  
 It was rough in Tokyo  
 But this G \_\_\_\_\_ D \_\_\_\_\_ Puerto Rico Rico Rico  
 Is the toughest place I know  
 You can go to Ramey Air Patch, Air Patch, Air Patch  
 Any hour of any day  
 You can watch the Thirty-sixes, sixes, sixes  
 As they crash into the bay.

You can take these coral beaches, beaches, beaches  
 You can take this waving grass  
 You can take this Puerto Rico, Rico, Rico  
 And to that I'll raise my glass.

## DAISY

264

Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer do  
 I'm half crazy all for the love of you  
 It won't be a stylish marriage  
 I can't afford a carriage  
 But you'll look sweet, upon the seat  
 Of a bicycle built for two.

Tony, Tony, here is your answer true  
 I'm not crazy all for the love of you  
 There won't be a stylish marriage  
 Till you can afford a carriage  
 And I'll be damned  
 If I'll be crammed  
 On a bicycle built for two.

## THE DAMN DUMMY

265

You take the leg from some old table  
 You take the arm from some old chair  
 You take the neck from some old bottle  
 And from a horse you take some hair.

Now you put them all together  
 With the aid of string and glue  
 And I'll get more lovin' from that god damn dummy  
 Than I ever get from you

## THERE IS NOTHING LIKE SOME \_\_\_\_\_

We get beer in nine ounce glasses  
 We get cigarettes in tins  
 We get drunk each Friday evening  
 We get headaches for our sins  
 We get CB from the OC  
 When he gets back all our cheques  
 What don't we get  
 We don't get \_\_\_\_\_

(Con't)



Pilots need some recreation  
 When hard flying has been done  
 And what better recreation  
 Than a spot of harmless fun  
 We forsake our bullshit castle  
 For a spot thats marked XX  
 What do we want  
 We all want \_\_\_\_\_

Chorus: There is nothing like some \_\_\_\_\_  
 Nothing in this world  
 Though it's perfectly complex  
 There is nothing like some \_\_\_\_\_

Some girls like to cling and say, Oh Brother  
 Unfortunately most girls scream for MOTHER!

Now we've studied Dr Kinsey  
 And we've read his latest book  
 But we think that his conclusions  
 Are a little bit mistook  
 For he seems to think that passion

Is a secondary reflex  
 Why don't they teach the poor man

Just when the learned doctor  
 Appears to have left some important  
 But unmentionable things unsaid  
 Once again it rears it's ugly head.

ANTHONY ROLY

267

A is for arse-holes, all covered in shit  
 Hey Ho says Roly (Chorus)  
 And B is for bugger who revels in it  
 With a Roly Poly, gammon and spinach  
 Hey Ho for Anthony Roly. (Chorus)

- 1 Cs for cunt, all dripping in piss,  
 And D for the drunkard who gave it akiss
- 2 E's for the eunuch with only one ball,  
 And F for the fucker with no ball at all
- 3 G is for goitre, gonerrhea and gout  
 And H is for harlot who dishes out
- 4 I is for injection for syphilis and itch  
 And J is for jump of a dog on a bitch
5. K is for king who shot on the floor  
 And L is for lousy, licentious whore.
- 6 M is for maidenhead, tattered and torn,  
 And N is for Nancy whose ars-hole is worn
- 7 O is for orifice, already revealed  
 P is for penis ready unpeeled

(Con't)

8. Q is for quaker who shot in his hat  
And R is the rodger who redgered the cat.
9. S is for shit-pit full to the brim  
And T is thr turd that is floating therein.
10. U is the usher who taught in the school  
And V is the virgin who playd with his tool
11. W is for the whore who thinks fuckings a farce  
And X, and Z you can stick up your arse.

LAST SATURDAY NIGHT

268

When I came home last saturday night as drunk as I could be  
I saw a hat upon the rack, where my hat ought to be.  
I said to my darling wifey "Now tell all of it to me."  
Who owns that hat upon the rack, where my hat ought to be.  
She said, "You're blind, you're drunk, you silly old cunt  
You're blind and cannot see.

For that is a basin that you're mother gave to me  
In all my worldly travels, ten thousand miles or more,  
I've never seen a basin with a hat band on before.  
I saw a coat upon the beb.....

"For that is a blanket that your mother game to me "  
I've never seen a blanket with brass buttons on before.  
I saw a head beside the head....

"For that is a turnip that your mother gave to me"

"I've never seen a turnip with a mustache on before."  
I saw a thing beside the thing....

"For that is a folling pin your mother gave to me".

I've never seen a rolling pin with balls on it before

I saw a bum beside a bum

"For that's the dear young baby yourself you gave to me"

I've never seen a baby's bum with marts on it before.

THE MARRYING KIND

269

If I were a marrying maid, which thank the Lord I'm not, sir,  
The kind of man that I would wed, would be a Rugby fullback sir,  
For he'd find touch, and I'd find touch,  
We'd both find touch, together,  
We'd be alright in the middle of the night  
Finding touch together.

A wing three-quarter ----- He'd go fast

A center therr-quarter ----- He'd go straight

A stand off half ----- He'd go through

A Rugby scrun half ----- He'd put it in

(Con't)

A rugby loose forward ----- He'd break fast

A second row forward ----- He'd bind tight

A front row forward ----- He'd push hard

A rugby referes ----- He'd blow hard

A rugby linesman ----- He'd put it up

A rugby spectator-----

For he'd clap, clap

And I'd clap, clap

We'd both clap, clap together

W'd be alright in the middle of the night

CLAP, CLAP, CLAP, Together.

## THE PORTIONS OF A WOMAN

270

The potions of a woman that appeal to man's depravity,  
Are fashioned with considerable care  
And what at first appears to be a harmless little cavity  
Is really an eleborate affair.

Doctors of distinction have examined the abdomena  
Of various experimental dames  
And have listed the components of these womanlyphenamena  
And given them most charming Latin names.

There's the cliooris, the vagina, the vulva, perineum,  
And the hymen in the case of certain brides,  
Delighful small devices you would love if you could see 'em  
There's a hundred other little things besides.

Isn't it a pity then, that when we poor men chatter  
Upon the things to wich I have refereed  
We use for what is really a most complicated matter  
Such a short and unattractive little word.

The Reply

The erudite authorities who study the geography  
Of these remote but interesting lands  
Are able to indulge their taste for intimate topography  
And view the scenic details close at hand.

But while we lesser mortals are aware of the existence  
Of mysteries beneath the public knoll  
We're normally contented to survey them at a distance  
And treat them, roughly speaking, as a (W) hole.

## THE PORTION OF A WOMAN

(Con't)

But when we are confronted with some morsel of virginity  
 We exercise a gentle sense of touch  
 We do not cload the matter in meticulous Latinity  
 But call the whole affair a such and such.

Men have made this useful but inelegant commodity  
 The subject of innumerable jibes,  
 And while the name we call it by is something of an oddity  
 It seems to fit the subject it describes.

## THREE OLD MAIDS

271

This first lady's name was Elizabeth Porter  
 She was the Bishop of Chichester's daughter  
 Who went to get rid of some old virgin water  
 And nobody knew she was there.

Chorus:

Oh, dear, what can the matter be,  
 Three old maids were locked in the lavatory,  
 They were there from Monday to Saturday  
 Nobody knew they were there.

The second lady's name was Elizabeth Humphery  
 Who went for a pee and could not get her bum free  
 She said "Oh dear, this is really quite comfy"  
 Nobody knew she was there.

The third lady's name was Elizabeth Bender  
 Who went to adjust a broken suspensor  
 And got it mixed up with her feminine gender  
 And nobody knew she was there.

## THE MONK

272

There lived a monk of great renown  
 There lived a monk of great renown  
 There lived a monk of great renown  
 And he fucked all the women all over town.

Chorus: The old sod, the old sod, the dirty old bastard,  
 The bugger deserved to die, Fuck!  
 Let us pray - Glory, glory, Halleluja.

He took them to his lily white bed (3Times)  
 And fucked them all till they were dead.

One day he met a maiden fair, (3)  
 And he lured her up into his lair.

He took her to his marble halls (3)  
 And showed her his prick and his bloody great balls.  
 He laid her on his wily white bed (3)  
 And fucked the girl till she was dead.

The other monks all cried "For shame" (3)  
 They took up a knife and cut off his fame.

But on that resurrection morn (3)  
 The dirty old bugger had still got a horn.

And so that monk has gone to hell (3)  
 And we'd heard that he's fucking the devil as well.

## THE MOYOR OF BAYSWATER

273

The Mayor of Bayswater's got a whore for a daughter  
 And the hairs of her Micky di-do hang down to her knee.  
 I know cause I've seen them, I've been up and in between them  
 The hairs of her Micky di-do hang down to her knees.

One black one, one white one, and one with a bit of shit on  
 The hairs of her Micky di-do hang down to her knees.  
 And if I should court her, I'd have 'em cut shorter  
 The hairs of her Micky di-do hang down to her knees.

## RICKY DAN DO

274

As I was walking down the street  
 A fair young maid I chanced to meet  
 She said Hello how do you do  
 Would you like to play with my Rick Dan Do.  
 Your Ricky Dan Do I said whats that  
 It's soft and smooth like a pussy cat  
 Hairs all round and split in two  
 That's what I call my Ricky dan do.

She took me to her father's celler  
 She said to me you're very nice feller  
 She gave me wine and shisky too  
 And I played all night with her Ricky Dan Do.  
 Her father came and her father said  
 "You've gone and lost your maiden head  
 So pack your grip and baggage too  
 And earn your living with your Ricky Dan do.

She went to town to be a whore  
 She hung this notice outside her door  
 Ten dollars down no less will do  
 If you want to play with my Ricky Dan do.

(Con't)

There came a policeman up to her door  
 Show me your licesnce to be a whore  
 I have no licence tell you what I'll do  
 I'll let you play with play with my Ricky Dan do.

The boys all came and the boys all went  
 The price came soen to eighteen cents  
 From sweet sixteen to eight-two  
 All had a bash at her Ricky Dan dol  
 There came a guy, a sun of a bitch  
 Who had the pox and the sailor's itch;  
 He had blue balls and shankers too  
 And he played all nitht with her Ricky Dan Dol.

And the Ricky Dan Do now is badly worn  
 The Ricky Dan Do is tattered and torn,  
 The Ricky Dan Do now is up the kite  
 The the Ricky Dan Do We'llsy "Goodnight".

## F-84 PILOTS BATTLE CRY

275

The Red Nose Migs are coming  
 Not a Sabre in sight  
 The Red Nose Migs are coming  
 And they want to fight  
 Let's HURRY HURRY HURRY HOME.

## WIRRAWAYS DON'T BOTHER ME

276

Wirraways don't worry me, Wirraways don't worry me  
 Oil burning bastards with flaps on their wings  
 With buggered up pistons and buggered up rings  
 The bomb load is so fucking small  
 Three fifths of five eighths of fuck all  
 There's such a commotion out over the ocean  
 So cheer up my lads, fuck 'em all.

They say that the Japs have a very fine kite,  
 That we're no longer in doubt,  
 When there's a Zero way out on your tail,  
 This is the way to get out ....  
 Be cool and collected, be calm and serene  
 Don't let your Britich blood boil  
 Don't hesitate shove her right through the gate  
 And drown the poor bastard in oil.

## DARK AND DREAMY EYES

277

A few old whores of Portsmith town  
 Where drinking Spanish wine,

(Con't)

This gist of the conversation was,  
 "Is your cunt bigger than mine".

Then up there spake the fisherman's wife  
 And she was dressed in black  
 And in one corner of her funny little thing  
 She had a fishing smack, my boys,  
 The sodlings and the dabs  
 And in the other corner  
 She'd a shocking dose of crabs.

Chorus: She had those dark and dreamy eyes  
 And a Whizz-bang up her jacksey  
 She was one of the flash-eyed hores  
 One of the old brigade.

Then up there space the brewer's wife  
 And she was dressed in grey  
 And in one corner of her funny little thing  
 She had a brewer's dray  
 She had a brewer's dray, my boys  
 Athing just like a truck,  
 And in the other corner  
 She'd the remains of last night's fuck.

Then up there spake the sailor's wife  
 And she was dressed in blue  
 And in one corner of her funny little thing  
 She had a life-boat's crew  
 She had a life-boat's crew, my boys,  
 The rowlocks and the oars,  
 And in the other corner  
 The Marines were forming fours.

Then up there spake the cricketer's wife  
 And she was dressed in vermillion  
 And in one corner of her funny little thing  
 She had the Lords Pavilion  
 She had the Lords Pavilion, boys  
 A social sort of joint  
 And in the other corner  
 There was Hobbs at cover pint.

Then up there spake the barman's wife  
 And she was dressed in yellow  
 And in one corner of her funny little thing  
 She had the whole wine cellar  
 She had the whole wine cellar  
 With barrels full of beer  
 And in the other corner  
 She had Pox and Gonorrhea.

(Con't)

Then up there spake the airman's wife  
 And she was dressed in beige  
 And in one corner of her funny little thing  
 She had a handy-page  
 She had a Handy-Page, my boys  
 With a joy stick and its knowb  
 And in the other corner  
 Were two airmen on the job.

Then up there spake the actor's wife  
 Who was also dressed in beige,  
 And in one corner of her funny little thing  
 She had a Windmill stage  
 She had the windmill stage, my boys  
 The gallery and the stalls  
 And in the other corner  
 She had C B Cockrane's balls.

And then up spake the pilot's wife  
 And she was dressed in chrome  
 And in one corner of her funny little thing  
 She had the aerodrome  
 She had the aerodrome, my boys  
 The bombers and the troops,  
 And in the other corner  
 There Wimpys Looping Loops.

Then up up spake the ops room girl,  
 She was a little WAF  
 And in one corner of her funny little thing  
 She had the Ops reem staff  
 She had the Ops room staff, my boys  
 All fucking there like hell  
 And in the other corner  
 Sh'd the signals staff as well.

## THEY CALLED THE BASTARD STEPHENS

278

A maid sat in a mountain glen  
 Seducing herself with a fountain pen  
 The capsule broke, the ink ran wild  
 And she gave birth to a blue-black child.

And the called the bastard Stephens (3Times)  
 "Cause he was a blue-black child.  
 No matter how nor where no when  
 Use Stephens Ink in your fountain Pen.

## IN MOBILE

279

There's a shortage of good whores, in Mobile (3 times)  
 But there's keyholes in the doors  
 And there's knot-holes in the floors in Mobile.

(Con't)



There's a blockage of bogs, in Mobile (3 times)  
It's a habit of the working classes  
When they've finished with their glasses  
They just stuff them up their arses, in Mobile.

Oh, the old dun cow is dead, in Mobkile, (3)  
But the children must be fed  
So we'll mild the bull instead, in Monile.

Oh the eagles they fly high, in Mobile (3)  
And they shit right in your eye  
So thank God the cows don't fly, in Mobkile.  
Oh the negroes they grow tall, in Mobile (3)  
But they shoot them in the fall  
And they eat 'em balls and all, in Mobile.  
There's no shortage of good beer, in Mobile (3)  
And they give us damn good cheer  
Oh, thank God what we are here, in Mobile.

There's a lovely girl called Dinah, in Mobile (3)  
For a fuck there is no finer  
"Cause she's got the best Vagina, in Mobile.

There's a man called Lanky Danny, in Mobile (3)  
And his instict is uncanny  
When he's fingering a fanny, in Mobile.

There's a tavern in the town, in Mobile (3)  
Where for falf a fucking crown  
You can get a bit of brown, in Mobile.

Oh, the girls all wear tin pants in Mobile (3)  
But they take them off to dance  
Just to give the boys a chance in Mobilà.

There's excess of copulation in Mobile (3)  
They relax for stimulation  
On mutal masturbation, Min Mobile

The CO is a bugger, in Mobile, (3)  
And the adj, he is another  
So they bugger one another in Mobile.

## TAC HEADQUARTERS

280

TAC Headquarters, thats the spot  
Twelve full Colonels, thats a lot  
Twice as many Generals too  
TAC Headquarters is the plaxe for you.

After the mission's over  
 After we all get back  
 We get interrogated  
 Where did you see the flak?  
 How were the Jerry fighters?  
 What times was the tally-ho?  
 Have you any bitches  
 If not, you may go.  
 We like P-47  
 We think they handle swell  
 We like to fly formation  
 We're all as nuts as hell  
 We like the fighter peel-off  
 It will kill us all some day.  
 Land in 15  
 Or the colonel will have say  
 (Any name), you straggled all day.  
 (Any name), used poor technique.  
 (Any name), you had your head up.  
 We'll have a short critique  
 You missed the land fall-in (any name)  
 (Any name), you will report  
 Why, with only one wing off  
 You had to abort.

282

BRING THAT BASE-LEG IN

282

(Tune-Pistol Packin' Mama)

Flying 'round the pattern  
 And was I haveing fun  
 Until one day I undershot  
 And now my flying's done.

Chorus: Bring that base-leg in, boys,  
 Bring that base-leg in,  
 Space yourself on the forty-five  
 And bring that base-leg in.

Oh, the pieces flew and the pieces fell  
 As I slid onto the ground  
 And all the while the tower yelled,  
 "Pull up and go around."

HERE'S TO THE NEXT MAN TO DIE

283

Betrayed by the Regular Army  
 Cast off by the Signal Corps,  
 Signed up for nine months flying  
 And stayed on for three years more.

Chorus: So stand by your glasses steady  
 This world is a world of lies  
 Here's a toast to the dead already  
 And hurrah for the next man to die.

(Con't)

We looped in the purple sunset  
We spun in the silvery dawn  
With a trail of black smoke behind us  
To show where our comrades have gone.

Echoing through the low hung rafters,  
Resounding from the walls so bare,  
You can hear the tears and laughter  
Of the dead, for they really are there.

## MY WILD IRISH ROSE

284

My wild Irish Rose  
The sweetest flower that grows  
You may search everywhere  
But none can compare  
With my wild Irish Rose  
My wild Irish Rose  
The sweetest flower that grows  
And some day for my sake  
She may let me take  
The bloom from my wild Irish Rose.

## LANDLORD, FILL THE FLOWING BOWL

285

Three jolly coachmen sat in an English tavern  
Three jolly coachmen sat in an English tavern  
There they decided that; there they decided that;  
There they decided that they'd have another flagon.

Chorus: Oh, landlord, fill the flowing bowl  
Until it doth run over  
Oh, landlord, fill the flowing bowl  
Until it soth run over.  
For tonight we'll merry, merry be;  
For tonight we'll merry, merry be,  
For tonight we'll merry, merry be;  
Tomorrow we'll be sober.

Now, the man who drinks light ale and goes to bed quite sober;  
Now, the man who drinks light ale and goes to bed quite sober;  
Fades as the lilly fades; fades as the lilly fades;  
Fades as the lilly fades; he'll die before October!

Chorus:

But the man who drinks stout ale, and goes to bed quite mellow  
But the man who drinks stout ale, and goes to bed quite mellow  
Lives as he ought to live; lives as he ought to live;  
Lives as he ought to live; he'll die a jolly fellow!

Chorus:

Now, the maid who steals a kiss and runs to tell her mother;  
Now, the maid who steals a kiss and runs to tell her mother;  
Does a very foolish thing; does a very foolish thing;  
Does a very foolish thing; she'll never get another!

Chorus:

But the maid who steals a kess and stays to get another;  
But the maid who steals a kiss and stays to get another;  
Is a boon to all mankind; is a boon to all mankind;  
Is a boon to all mankind; she'll be a fruitfull mother!

LAMENT OF THE RESERVIST  
(Tune-Cigarettes and Whiskey)

286

I was a civilian and flew one weekends  
No sweat about clanks and no sign of the bends  
But I am a retread and older I grow  
Now I fly a Mustang, its' old and it's slow.

Chorus: Sinuiju and Anak, Sinanju and Simmak  
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insanae  
Q Quad fifties and forties, and one hundred sorties  
They'll drive you crazy  
They'll drive you insane!

Oh, once I was happy and I flew a jet  
At 35,000 how fat can you get?  
They sent me to Nellis for six weeks to trian  
They gave me a Mustang, It's no aero-plane.

We strafed and we bombed and we shot air to air  
Then off to Korea, we're fouled up for fair  
We came to K-Four-Six to fly with this Group  
My hair's turning gray and my wings have a droop!

I flew my first mission and it was a snap  
Just follow the leader, don't look at a map  
But now I've got eighty and lead a sad flight  
Go out on armed recce and can't sleep and night

Went up to Mig Alley, S-2 said no sweat  
If I had not looked around, I'd be up there yet  
Six Migs jumped our ---- and the leader yealled break  
Sixty-one and 3000, how me knees did shake!

If I live through a hundred and they ask for more  
I'll tell them to shove it my --- is to sore  
They can ram it and jam it for all that I care  
Just give me a Wing job, a desk and a chair!

Underneath the lamp post by the barracks gate,  
 Standing all alone, every night you'll see her wait  
 She waits for the boy who marched away  
 And though he's gone she hears him say  
 Oh, promise you'll be true  
 Fare thee well, Lili Marlene  
 Till I return to you  
 Fare thee well, Lili Marlene

Underneath the lamp post by the barracks gate  
 Standing all alone, every night you'll see her wait  
 For this is the place a vow was made  
 And breezes sing her serenade  
 Oh, promise you'll be true  
 Fare thee well, Lili Marlene  
 Till I return to you  
 Fare thee well, Lili Marlene.

Underneath the lamp post by the barracks gate  
 Standing all alone, every night you'll see her wait  
 And there in the lamp light it is said  
 A halo shines above her head  
 Oh, promise you'll be true  
 Fare thee well, Lili Marlene, till I return to you  
 Fare the well, Lili Marlene.

Underneath the lamp post by the barracka gate  
 Standing all alone, every night you'll see her wait  
 And as they go marching to the fray  
 The soldiers all salute and say  
 We'll tell him you've been true  
 Fare the well, lili Marlene  
 Till I return to you  
 Fare thee well, lili Marlene

## PHILADELPHIA LAWYER

288

Way out in Reno, Nevada  
 Where romance blooms and fades,  
 A great Philadelphia lawyer  
 Was in love with a Hollywood maid

Come love and we will wander  
 Out where the lights are bright  
 I'll win you a divorce from you husband  
 And we can get married tonight.

Now bill was a gun-toting cowboy  
 Ten notches were carved on his gun  
 And all the boys around Reno  
 Left Wild Bill's maiden alone.

(Con't)

One night when he was returning  
From riding the range in the cold  
He dreamed of his Hollywood sweetheart  
Her love was lasting as gold.

As he drew near her window  
A shadow he saw on the shade.  
'Twas the great Philadelphia lawyer  
Making love to his Hollywood maid.

The night was as still as the desert  
The moon was right overhead  
Bill listened awhile to the lawyer,  
He could hear every word that he said.

Your hands are so pretty and lovely,  
Your form so rare and divine,  
Come go with me to the city  
And leave this wild cowboy behind.

Now back in old Pennsylvania  
Among the beautiful pines,  
There's less Philadelphia lawyer  
In old Philadelphia tonight.

HOG DRIVER  
(Tune-Moon River)

289

Hog driver, mushing through the sky  
Oh what a dashing guy am I  
Than my fighter all are lighter,  
Wherever she's goinn', she's goin' there slow.

Hog driver, while she howls and moans,  
I often wish upon a star  
That someday there'll be  
An F-4c, waiting just for me,  
And then I'll never be hog driver again.

THE COWBOY'S LAMENT

290

As I walked out on the streets of Laredo,  
As I walked out in Laredo one day,  
I spied a cowpuncher all wrapped up in white linen  
All wrapped in white linen as cold as the clay.

O, beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly,  
Play the dead march as you carry me along,  
Take me to the valley, there lay the sod o'er me  
For I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done wrong.

(Con't)

I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy,  
These words he did say as I slowly stepped by  
Come sit down beside my and hear my sad story  
I'm shot in the breast and I know I must die.

It was once in the saddle I used to go dashing,  
Once in the saddle I used to go gay  
Then I first took to drinking and then took to gambling  
Got shot in the breast and I'm dying today.

Let sixteen gamblers come carry my coffin  
Let six pretty maidens come sing me a song  
Take me to the graveyard, there roll the sod o'er me  
For I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done wrong.

We beat the drum slowly and played the fife lowly  
And bitterly wept as we bore him along  
For we all loved our comrade so brave, young, and handsome,  
We all loved our comrade altho' he'd done wrong.

## THE FOGGY? FOGGY DEW

291

When I was a bachelor, I lived all alone  
I worked at the weaver's trade  
And the only, only thing that I did that was wrong,  
Was to woo a fair young maid  
I wooed her in the wintertime  
Part of the summer too  
And the only, only thing that I did that was wrong,  
Was to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

One night she knelt close by my side,  
When I was fast asleep,  
She threw her arms around my neck  
And then began to weep  
She sept, she cried, she tore her hair,  
Ah, me, what could I do  
So all night long I held her in my arms.  
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

Again I'm a bachelor, I live with my son,  
We work at weaver's trade  
And every single time I look into his eyes  
He reminds me of that fair young maid  
He reminds me of the wintertime  
Part of the summer too  
And of the many, many times that I held her in my arms  
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

- I. I'm a Democratic figure in these autocratic States  
 A Pathetic Demonstration of hereditary traits  
 As the daughters of the bakers baked the most delicious breads,  
 As the sons of Casanova filled the most exclusive beds  
 As the Rossesvelts and Barrymores -- and others I could name  
 Inherited their talents which perpetuate their fame  
 My position in the structure of Society I owe,  
 To those little qualities my parents bequeathed me long ago  
 Now my father was a traveling man and musical to boot  
 He used to play piano in the House of ill-repute  
 Where the Madam was a lady and credit to her cult  
 She enjoyed my Daddy's playing and I was the result  
 So my mammy and my pappy are the ones I have to thank  
 That I grew up to BE PRESIDENT of the City National Bank!
- II. In a cozy little farmhouse in a cozy little Dell  
 A dear old fashoined father and his daughter used to dwell  
 She was sweet, she was gentle, she was tender, she was mild  
 But her sympathies were such that she was frequently with child  
 Now the hired man was a favorite with the gal's in Manny's set  
 And the traveling man from Scranton was an even-money bet.  
 For such were mammy's morals -- and such was her allure  
 That even Roger Babson wasn't very sure.  
 When she was feeling gloomy I could always make her grin.  
 By childishly inquireing who my papy might have been.  
 So I took my mammy's morals and I took my pappy's crust,  
 And they appointed me head of a huge investment trust.
- III. In a cozy little chain gang on a dusty southern road  
 My late lamented pappy has his permanent abode  
 Now some were there for stealing, but my pappy's only fault  
 Was an overwhelming weakness for criminal assault  
 His philosopy was simple and free from moral tape,  
 Seduction is for sissies, but a He-man has his rape  
 And tho pappy's list of victims was incredibly rich  
 And mammy she was one of them, he'd never tell me which.  
 Now I never went to college, but I got me a degree  
 I reckon I'm the model of a perfect SOB  
 I'm a debit to my coutry, but I'm a credit to my Dad  
 I'm the most expensive SENATOR this nation ever had.
- IV. I'm an autocratic figure in these democratic states  
 A pathetic demonstration of hereditary traits,  
 As the daughters of policement have the largest feet  
 As the daughter of the floogie has a wiggle to her seat  
 My position at the Bottom of society I owe  
 To those little qualities my parents bequethed me long ago  
 Now my father her was a married man and what is even more  
 He was married to my Mother, a fact which I deplore  
 I was born in holy wedlock, consequently by -- and by  
 I was rooked by every bastard with plunder in his eye  
 I invested, I deposited, I voted every fall ---  
 And if I had a nickel the bastards took it all  
 But at last I've learned my lesson and I'm on the proper track  
 I'm a self-appointed bastard, and I'm out to get it back.



THROTTLE BENDER  
(Tune-McNamara's Band)

293

My name is Throttle Bender,  
I'm the leader of the gang;  
I burned up lots of engines,  
But I don't give a hang  
To me full bore is normal cruise,  
Cause I don't give a darn  
My boys never can catch me  
They've got a lot to learn.

Chorus: We are the boys from Iaazuki,  
We are the boys from Itazook,  
We are the boys from Itazuki,  
We fly with the \_\_\_\_\_ Group.

My name is Throttle Bender  
I'm the leader of the Group  
I always cause confusion  
But I don't give a hoot.  
I climb too slow, I dive too fast  
I pull excessive G's  
I know my boys are following  
I hear their knocking knees.

My name is Throttle Bender  
I'm the leader of the Wing,  
I haven't led a group in years  
So I don't know a thing  
About the wing formation, boys,  
That I am going to lead;  
But I'm the wing Commander  
So there really is no need.

No if you lead a flight, boys,  
Or if you lead a Group;  
Lend an ear and you will hear  
The latest kind of poop.  
From ToKeeyo to Sazzmege  
You'll hear the boys all say,  
The leader bent the throttle, so  
I had a rough day to day.

WALTZING MATILDA

294

Once a jolly swagman camped by the brill-along  
Under the shade of a coolibah tree,  
And he sang as he sat and waited till his billy boiled;  
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Chorus: Waltzing Matilde, waltzing Matilda,  
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me  
And he sang as he sat and waited till his billy boiled  
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me. (Con't)

Down came a jumbuck t drink at the billalong,  
 Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee  
 And he sang as he stowed that jumbuck in his tucker bag  
 You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Up rode a squater mounted on his thoroughbred,  
 Up rode his troops, one, two, three  
 Where's that jolly jumbuck, you've got in your tucker bag?  
 You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Up jumped the swagman, sprang into the brillalong  
 You'll nvever catch me alive said he  
 And his ghost may be heard as you pass by the brillalong  
 You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

It is sad, but true, that sooner or later, most Fighter Pilots  
 Find themselves shafted out of a Squadron, and into that oft  
 Cursed organization called Air Base Group. This song is for  
 then to sing to their former friends.

Tune - SAVE A FIGHTER PILOTS ASS

Pilots, gentle Pilots, pilots one and all  
 Fly boys, flashy fly boys, please listen to our call  
 Buzz boys, busy Buzz boys, this is all we ask  
 Take those Goddamn Sabre Jets and shove them up your ass.

Chorus: Sing Halleluia, Sing Halleluia  
 Stick your finger up your ass, join the fighter pilot class  
 Sing Halleluia, Sing Halleluia  
 Stick your finger up your ass and flap your wings.

Who feeds the sons of bitches and clothes their scrawny backs  
 Who guards their goddamn airplanes and heats their fucking shacks  
 Who gives them light and water, not Kimpo Power and Gas  
 If they don't like the service they can blow it out their ass.  
 TDY to Tsuiki, went the Sabre Dance  
 Saw a Sukoshi pilot get a Josans pants  
 It cost him thirty sollars for just a little feel  
 Along came an Air Base Group man who got it for a steal.

Jet Jocks are the hot shots, we'll tell you one and all  
 And when it comes to shooting, they're really on the ball  
 They had a little contest to prove who was the first  
 But when the score was counted they ended up the worst.

You see these flashy Jet Boys, climb from their shiny hacks  
 With moon suits and silly jock straps a hanging from their backs  
 They sing the praise of Sammy Small with wild and side acclaim  
 Just Fighter Pilots---Pilots, without a fucking brain.

(Con't)

Tune - SAVE A FIGHTER PILOTS ASS

(Con't)

They spin their yarns of Air Way, by pilots brave and fair  
Eighty percent is bull-shit, and twenty more is air  
We hear that they're by far the best and that we'd better believe  
But where in the Hell would the fly boys be  
If the Air Base Group should leave.

The squawk box screams of flak holes and tanks all out of gas  
Of takusan MIG's and bandits a playing on their ass  
They get their bloomin balls shot off but still they brag of it  
With one accord we'll tell the world, They can't Fly For SHIT.

THE END